Paris: The Riots of Spring *Donald R. Katz*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts—May 8, 1976, 60 cents

NEWSPAPER NEWSPA
NR ABA7GE300C079 DEC 76 1 01
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIB
300 W GREEN ST
PASADENA CALIF 91123

Carter's Appeal — *TRB*
The Ideal Ticket — *Ken Bode*
Henry's Successor — *The Editors*
Cigarette War — *Eliot Marshall*
Oversight — *M. Halperin & J. Berman*
Claude Brown — *Arnold Rampersad*
Lobbies — *Neil Harris*
Terrific Stories — *Roger Rosenblatt*
Images of America — *John Seelye*

Ambassador College
MAY 7 1976
LIBRARY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB

from Washington
May 8, 1976

Leap of Faith

With this man Jimmy Carter I don't know whether the country is having a presidential election or a religious revival. He took his windup campaign in Pennsylvania to the site of the Liberty Bell and waved *adieu* to a crowd of 250. "I love every one of you," he called. I think there have been few elections in our history with the overtones of this one, after Vietnam and Richard Nixon. I am confident there has never been a serious presidential candidate before like Jimmy Carter.

To set the scene, join a winding queue half a block long eager to pay four dollars to see *All the President's Men*. This is not normal entertainment; this is powerful propaganda. It is saying, you had a narrow escape, America; something is wrong with your country; wake up! For an anxious nation it is harrowing; who will benefit by it remains to be seen.

The woman beside me left and, after a while, came back at the climax where *The Washington Post* published its big splash and there is a newsreel cut-in shot of Ronald Ziegler denying the whole account on national television as a preposterous fabrication, with pale face and the quiet emotionalism of an Apostolic Delegate denouncing blasphemy. The woman burst into hysterical applause for Ziegler. Nobody paid much attention; we were too absorbed in events. The action continued faster and faster, culminating in the climactic series of news-ticker bulletins running like snakes across the screen telling of exposures, resignations, confessions, sentencings, jailings and, of course, the events of August 8, 1974.

There were nervous bursts of applause here and there from the audience that moved into the street to find an even longer queue waiting there.

I wonder if we really grasp yet the psychic scars left on America by losing its first war, by White House lies, by Cambodia, Mylai, Watergate? Then, next morning, the newspapers gave the Church Committee's report on the CIA activities—more of the stuff that we took the refresher course in at the movie. The CIA activities, of course, go back further than Nixon, much further—maybe necessary in the subterranean ugliness of the cold war but shocking, nevertheless, in exposing the power of the imperial presidency (Democrat or Republican); 900 major covert actions from 1961-75; there seemed to be no check on it; the CIA was carrying on foreign policy, conducting business operations, running an insurance company, operating a secret war, engaging hit men and thugs to murder foreign leaders with whom we were nominally at peace, and somehow, even worse from the irrational viewpoint of a newspaperman, infiltrating universities and voluntary institutions, subsidizing books (whose scholarly authors weren't aware who was paying the bills) and hiring 50 American journalists and employees of domestic news-gathering organizations as part of its apparatus. CIA was doing, with very little supervision or control in a nation of so-called checks-and-balances, about what the Nixon administration was doing with the FBI, and the plumbers, and the dirty tricks, on the domestic front.

I splash down these colorful details for atmospheric effect in juxtaposition with the presidential election. And in this we find the cool fundamentalist Carter (whose embarrassing Southern cultural pattern of stating publicly he believes in God sets some dour Yankees' teeth on edge) emerging from the heap of Democratic candidates. Is there a connection between his promise never to lie to you, never to deceive you, and the response he is getting after the trauma of Watergate? It would take a very skeptical person not to believe it.

This reporter traveled with Jimmy Carter for a couple of days in the cold New Hampshire primary and found him an arresting and, on the whole, immediately attractive candidate. The journalist almost instinctively puts up mental points of resistance to large claims and particularly to this style of moral pretension. I find traces of the same perplexed reaction in two of the toughest political writers I know; they offer conscientious reporting of what is seen on the surface, accompanied by vigorous disclaimers of having themselves succumbed to the emotional appeal.

Here is David S. Broder of *The Washington Post*, one of the ablest in the business, telling what he saw as Carter addressed a black YWCA crowd in Milwaukee; he spoke "with an eloquence, a simplicity, a directness that moved listeners of both races." Was he "covering the most promising political figure to emerge in the 1970s, or the most skillful demagogue?" he asked.

"One would have to be made of stone to be unmoved by the surge of emotion—the communion—between those black listeners and that white speaker who hopes to be their President."

But then, Broder says, he had a sense of "betrayal" because when the audience asked Carter specifically about civil rights he slighted the subject, and omitted the reservations about forced busing that are part of his standard answer to white audiences. Broder came away uncertain—"these are the questions that arise in covering Carter," he said.

Just as sophisticated is Tom Wicker of *The New York Times*. He began a recent column saying that anyone who doesn't understand "the nearly mystical appeal of Jimmy Carter to the American people in 1976," should have attended a Senior Citizens Center outside of Harrisburg. Carter condemned the cruelty and viciousness of Vietnam, of Watergate, of the CIA murder plots. Wicker continues, "Mr. Carter's audience was rapt throughout these formulations, except for a few heads nodding sagely. The proverbial pin might have been heard dropping, as the candidate told in all these ways that there was nothing wrong with *them*, that he understood what he called the 'hunger in this country to get back those precious things we've lost.'"

As I reported in this space from New Hampshire last February: "The audience is silent; people don't applaud; they are impressed . . . My impression is that audiences yearn to believe Jimmy Carter."

They yearn to believe and—after the results in the Pennsylvania primary last week—we must conclude that substantial numbers of voters in a large industrial state are preparing to take a chance in our strange presidential lottery.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Profits Are For People...

As essential as profits are to the survival of our way of life, I know of few subjects so universally misunderstood. And a recent nationwide survey indicated that misconceptions about profits are increasing. Obviously, business is not getting the message through. The time is long overdue for some old-fashioned plain talk.

By putting profits to work, companies build new factories, modernize existing facilities, enable Americans to compete with manufacturers abroad and—most critical—create jobs for our people and opportunities for future generations. The company that doesn't make a consistent profit year in and year out withers and disappears, and so do the jobs of its employees.

Most experts agree that our economy will need at least $4 trillion in new capital during the next 10 years. Unless we plan to convert to socialism—and we certainly don't want to do that—a good part of it will have to come from corporate profits. Yet, contrary to what most Americans think, corporate profits have been shrinking. Today, the rate of profit by U.S. corporations is about 5% on sales, less than it was a decade ago. If profitability continues to shrink, we can look forward to an era of diminished economic growth and fewer jobs.

And when there is less profit to tax, our federal, state and local governments cannot obtain the revenues needed to carry out public programs, and the goals we have set for our society will be seriously threatened.

Our company—Allied Chemical—is a good example of profits at work. From 1970 to 1974, we earned net profits of $436 million and plowed back $258 million into business expansion and job-creating activities. That's about 62¢ of every dollar we earn. But this creative reinvestment of profits is only part of the story. Businesses that are profitable provide much of the support for public spending. During this same period, our company paid more than $382 million in taxes. Our employees paid taxes from their wages, and our stockholders paid taxes on their dividends. So, profits are continually recycled for everyone's benefit.

During the next few months we will be talking publicly about corporate profits because we are convinced that an understanding of this subject by our people is vital to protect America's quality of life. We invite you to read these messages and to let us know how you feel about our viewpoint.

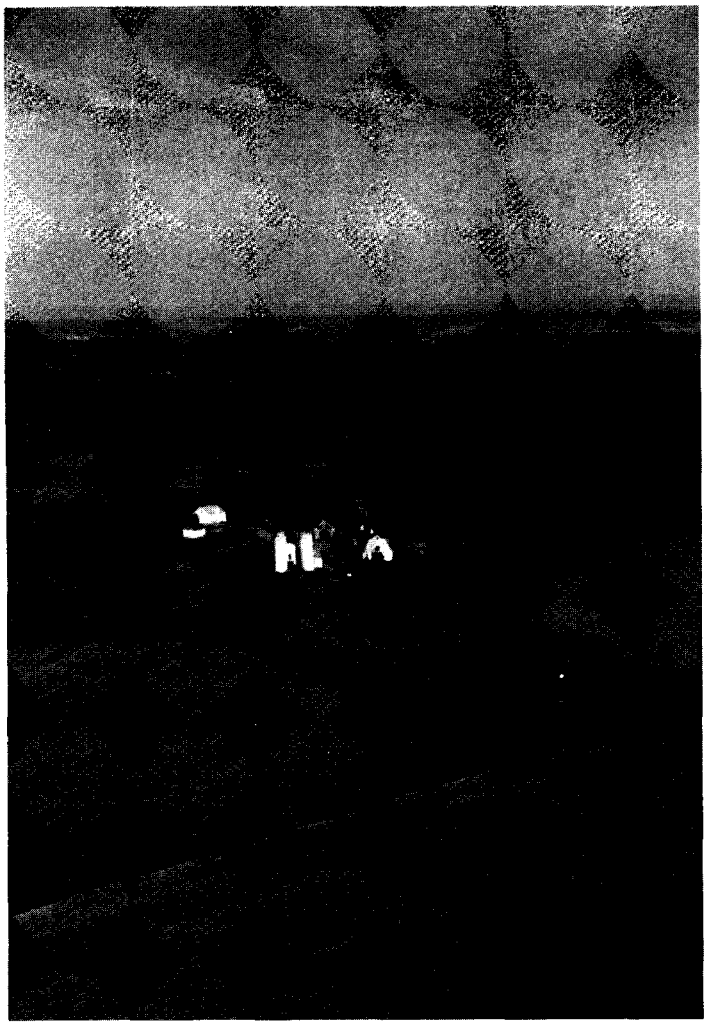
John T. Connor
Chairman

Allied Chemical

© 1976 Allied Chemical Corporation

P.O. Box 2245R, Morristown, New Jersey 07960.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



One of America's greatest success stories

Today our nation boasts the world's most bountiful agricultural system—a tribute to the family farmer's imaginative use of technology. It's one of the outstanding success stories of all time.

It's our story too.

When President Franklin D. Roosevelt signed the Rural Electrification Act in May of 1936, he sparked a quiet revolution that changed the face of rural America, and the lives of rural Americans. Then, 90 percent of the people living in the countryside were milking, pumping water and washing clothes by hand . . . reading and sewing by lantern light.

Now, a vigorous network of nearly a thousand electric cooperatives spans the nation . . . providing reliable electric service when and where it's needed . . . serving some 25 million people in 2600 of 3100 counties . . . helping farmers and ranchers fill America's storehouses.

It's a story of people and the land . . . the heart, soul and bedrock of America—one of her greatest success stories.

America's rural electric systems

We're the nearly 1000 consumer-owned, nonprofit electric utilities serving in 46 states. Write the National Rural Electric Cooperative Association, 2000 Florida Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20009, for more information.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC *A Journal of Politics and the Arts, Vol. 174, No. 19, Issue 3200, May 8, 1976. Published weekly (except the issues of January 3, July 10, August 14, August 28) and distributed by* The New Republic, Inc., *1220 19th Street, N.W. Washington, DC 20036. Phone 331-7494. Single copy, 60¢; Yearly subscriptions, $21; foreign, $24; students, $14. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies and changes of address to Subscription Department,* The New Republic, *381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302.* *Copyright 1976 by The New Republic, Inc.* *Item g. Second class postage paid at Washington, DC and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Reader's Guide.*

Contents

5 Comment
Henry's Successor
Carter's Lead
Common Sense
9 Drug Pushers—*Peter J. Ognibene*
10 The Cigarette War—*Eliot Marshall*
12 The Fight over Oversight—*Jerry J. Berman & Morton H. Halperin*
14 Riots of Spring—*Donald R. Katz*
16 The Ideal Ticket—*Ken Bode*
18 Theater—*Stanley Kauffmann*
19 Living with Lobbies—*Neil Harris*
23 Books—Reviews by *John Seelye, Arnold Rampersad, Thomas LeClair, Bell Gale Chevigny, Edith Milton*
31 Correspondence

The Staff

Chairman, Editorial Board—Martin Peretz
Publisher—Robert J. Myers
Managing Editor—David Sanford
Literary Editor—Roger Rosenblatt
Senior Editor—John Osborne
Associate Editor—Eliot Marshall
'76 Politics Editor—Ken Bode
Assistant to the Editors—Gwen Somers
Assistant to the Literary Editor—Cherryl Holt
Films and Theater—Stanley Kauffmann
Guest Poetry Editor—Robert Fitzgerald
Contributing Editors—Robert Brustein, Robert Coles, Henry Fairlie, Joseph Featherstone, Gerald W. Johnson, Nathan Lewin, Roger Morris, Peter J. Ognibene, John Seelye, Tad Szulc, Melville J. Ulmer, Michael Walzer, Paul R. Wieck
Production Manager—Elise D. Ritter
Assistant Production Manager—Philip Terzian
Circulation Manager—Elizabeth Scanlan O'Brien
Business Manager—Pearl Wilmer Ramsey
Secretary/Accounting Clerk—Carolyn Carpenter
Bookkeeper—Rhonda Phyllis Davis
New Republic Feature Syndicate—Leslie B. Seagrave
Advertising—Beth W. Newburger (202) 331-7494
Receptionist—Ruby McGowan
Editorial Assistant—William Straus
Leadership Network Advertising—Robert F.Sennott, Jr., New York (212) 532-2500

Henry's Successor

Though he is likely to survive the superficial cuts and bruises of the campaign, Henry Kissinger now finally is showing his political mortality. Whether or not the Democrats win in November, this peerless, flawed man is coming to the end of his historic mastery of US foreign policy. His leaving will please many people in both parties who once were in his thrall. In the two years since in Salzburg he threatened to resign and sent shivers through the press and Congress, the emerging record of Kissinger blunders and deception has reduced the appeal of his brilliance and charm.

But before his critics celebrate the exit of Super K, they should reflect on what the country will probably get in his place. For almost a quarter century, under both Republicans and Democrats, the office of Secretary of State has been the preserve of a small ingrown elite clustered mainly in New York and Washington. Many of the lawyers, bankers, foundation executives and house academics of this foreign policy Establishment have sat by the phone waiting for a call from the White House asking them to manage America's role in the world, or, as luck would have it, to judge the "soundness" for the office of one of their colleagues. The call often came. Unsure of their own abilities and their grasp of diplomacy, politicians from Harry Truman to Lyndon Johnson turned to the Establishment to fill the most important cabinet post. The elite served up patrician lawyers Dean Acheson and John Foster Dulles, and later, Rockefeller Foundation president and erstwhile bureaucrat Dean Rusk. The rest is history, much of it unpleasant.

Richard Nixon departed from tradition. Accurately feeling himself to be a hated outsider by this Establishment, he relied for his foreign policy on a relatively obscure Harvard professor named Henry Alfred Kissinger, whose independence and intellect had put him in the company though never in the league of the Achesons, the Dulleses and Rusks. Lecturing to the fleshy faces around those seminars at the Council on Foreign Relations, Kissinger quickly discovered the ultimate dirty little secret of the foreign policy club: its intellectual shallowness. He saw the incestuous jockeying for postion, the endless gossip, the common obsession with keeping a blurred, unexceptionable reputation for the moment when the President might call. Lost in the seamy scramble was any genuine thought or debate about foreign

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

policy. "Very little in the experience that forms these men," Kissinger wrote prophetically in 1961, "produces the combination of political acumen, conceptual skill, persuasive power, and substantive knowledge required for the highest positions of government." Theirs was, he went on, "a style of life that inhibits reflectiveness." Privately, his opinion of the grasping and incompetence of the elite was expressed in plainer language.

The Establishment's claim to rule, its irresistible power over self-doubting souls like Johnson, Hubert Humphrey or even now Jimmy Carter, has always been its "experience." For the men now elbowing their way into line for high office under the Democrats, "experience" means, no matter how much they and we would like to forget it, Vietnam. Reading the recent speeches and articles of employable former officials, however, it's hard to imagine how the Kennedy and Johnson administrations made it through those eight years and 20,000 American dead with so many policy-makers so fiercely opposed to the war. They'd been discreet. They hid their dissent so well that most of them went right on watching silently or actively contributing to the duplicity and disaster. Those not directly involved in Vietnam stood by while the war devoured every worthwhile initiative in our foreign policy. Most of Kissinger's real accomplishments—SALT, the Middle East mediation, the opening to Peking—were authentic prospects in American diplomacy years before, but they had atrophied in the policy paralysis and bureaucratic stagnation of the Democrats. Yet among the many men who served in the key jobs at the level of assistant secretary in State or Defense in the 1960s—men who now quietly advise the candidates and expect to govern again—there was not one resignation in public protest. The Establishment, as everyone knows, has its unwritten rules about "going public" that way. Consuming ambition kept members of the elite from telling the truth to the American people about the most costly US mistake in this century.

And what about the future in this painful new world of inflation and resource scarcities? Is the Establishment qualified to deal with such human issues? The conflict of interest is congenital. As lawyers, financiers, foundation grandees—all wards of big money—their bread-and-butter clients are the vast corporate powers that are adversaries of the public interest from Kansas City to Kinshasa, wherever people want a fair say in their economic destiny. Presumed so worldly, the elite tends to be provincial and isolated. Driven snugly past the slums of New York and Washington on the way to their comfortable exiles, they are often oblivious to the life of their own communities, let alone the rest of the United States. Nor is the Establishment in tune with the national demand for a more open foreign policy. Its contempt for the public was plain in the secret government it has conducted. Democrats should remember that the *Pentagon Papers* rival anything Kissinger has perpetrated in the art of public lying. Many of the CIA horrors unearthed by the Church and Pike committees are traceable to operations approved by officials in the Johnson administration whose zeal for intervention and purchasing foreign governments is another part of the past that must be dropped down the memory hole if Democrats are to take office.

If all this seems abstract, consider a sampling of the men who are now most prominently mentioned as foreign policy advisers by Democratic candidates or as potential Republican successors to Kissinger.

• *Cyrus Vance*, who is awaiting Jimmy Carter's inauguration, was a high official in the Pentagon throughout the '60s, including 1964-1967 as McNamara's deputy secretary of Defense, and is now a New York lawyer serving on several corporate boards. Vance was a major participant in a foreign policy that destroyed the last Democratic President, yet his recollections are unshared and his views on world issues, as one observer put it recently, are "invisible to the naked eye." Wouldn't it be useful to know more?

• *George Ball*, long the favorite of the moderate wing, is a former undersecretary of State to Dean Rusk now come to Wall Street, where he is a senior partner at Lehman Brothers. Ball's gentle but insistent dissent on Vietnam is publicly recorded in the *Pentagon Papers*, though thanks to Dan Ellsberg, not Ball, who resigned quietly in 1966 and even returned to be UN ambassador in 1968 without confusing the public with facts about how they were being governed. Would he feel differently next time? And is he not of all the pretenders the most preoccupied with foreign policy as an instrument for investment opportunities?

• *Eugene Rostow*, a former undersecretary of State for political affairs under Johnson, is admired by harder-liners. Like his brother Walt, he was an ardent supporter of the Vietnam policy at its nadir in 1966-68. He is now back at Yale as a law professor, but he left behind at State a record in the handling of international financial issues that, unattended, led to the collapse in 1971 of the postwar economic system. Would his candidacy for Secretary of State survive an examination of that record?

• *Paul C. Warnke*, mentioned by many as a prospect for State or Defense, was an assistant secretary in the Pentagon under Johnson, and is widely credited with dissent on the war, though the *Pentagon Papers* account of the fateful post-Tet decision on troop reinforcements raises serious questions about that. Warnke's qualifications also include tenure as an adviser to Sen. Muskie in 1972. He is a partner in Clark Clifford's Washington law firm. Would Warnke have told the truth about Angola, Chile, Cyprus?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The list could go on: Benjamin H. Read, president of the German Marshall Fund, who was Rusk's executive secretary coordinating Vietnam diplomacy; Thomas L. Hughes, president of the Carnegie Endowment and former director of State's Intelligence and Research who stood by while the 303 Committee, Democratic predecessor to the 40 Committee, performed its interesting duties; Zbigniew Brzezinski, Columbia professor, director of David Rockefeller's Trilateral Commission of US, Japanese and European multinationals, and one of Kissinger's favorite Establishment caricatures, who was briefly a consultant to Johnson and would like to extend his service with Jimmy Carter.

On the Republican side, the possibilities and their record are more familiar and no less depressing. Thus there is talk of Melvin Laird, whose years in the Pentagon under Nixon, from Cambodia to the carpet bombing of Hanoi, are a hint of the quality of his future service. Elliot Richardson, if he is not vice president, would bring to the State Department a career as a reliable toady, modified only by his idiosyncratic behavior at the end of the Watergate ordeal. Or perhaps it will be Donald Rumsfeld, from Defense, who dismantled the poverty program for Nixon, and was a groping ambassador at NATO. Then there is John Connally, the most successful political switch-hitter of the age, barely out from under the shadow of personal corruption, yet eagerly serving the most avaricious and corrupt multinationals. Or the restless Nelson Rockefeller, who actually believed until last week that Henry Jackson's top staff had been infiltrated by Communists. This only hints at how inappropriate this vain and ambitious man would be.

That these fellows, particularly the Democrats, have such backgrounds is disturbing enough. But the deeper injustice, to the public and to them, is that the question of policy and people in foreign affairs is one of the most studiously ignored issues of a presidential campaign, and one of the most costly. There may well be men on our list who would be better Secretaries of State than the incumbent. But what can be seen on the slick surface is not reassuring, and the usual procedure is that no one will know until the appointment has been made, the polite confirmation given, and it is too late.

Democratic candidates should be required to discuss this issue—the kind of man they'd put in what can be the second most important office in government—with the same sense of obligation they now apply to their campaign and personal finances and to the state of their health. Which men (or women) do they have in mind? Where do they stand, and what are their records? Can one reasonably expect them to be alive to the new economic issues if their worlds are so largely bounded by executive suites on the East Coast? Do their records reveal a commitment to arms control, but without appearing too eager to the Russians? Or an awareness of the bureaucratic inertia that crippled policy under LBJ? Can they distinguish between worthy ally and tyrannical client, between a genuine national interest and the often diametrically opposed interests of large corporations? Are they individuals who have demonstrated a devotion to an open and democratic foreign policy, the betrayal of which did so much to drive the last Democratic administration from office in disgrace? And who are the people, the train of aides, they would bring with them? Would those often important assistants be people of fresh and independent mind, or merely anxious replicas of their Establishment elders?

If such an examination were made, a new Democratic President might be obliged to exclude anybody who'd held a policy-level job with Kennedy and Johnson, and be doing us all a favor. It would be too harsh a rule. Obviously one can find exceptions to the Establishment everyman: lawyer Clark Clifford, who all but singlehandedly turned around Johnson on the war, or Chester Bowles, who resisted the coopting and the glibness. But those exceptions are too few and now too old.

The alternative is for the American people, for Carter or whoever survives as a candidate, to learn at last to trust themselves with their own diplomacy. The foreign policy elite was never the best and the brightest; only the most available when politicians and the rest of the country foolishly abdicated its good sense and responsibility. We could have a more humane, democratic foreign policy, one that deserves the public faith demolished by Kissinger and his Democratic predecessors, if the next Secretary of State is free of the taint of Establishment ambition, isolation and ignorance. Hundreds of Americans, in labor, business, the sciences and the academy, yes, even electoral politics, are shrewd negotiators with a sense of their own nation who could lead that foreign policy. But if Kissinger's successor is dredged from the same old reservoir, if the only real change at the State Department is a decline in virtuosity, liberals and conservatives alike will soon be missing Henry more than we can now imagine.

Carter's Lead

Jimmy Carter won in Pennsylvania what had become for him an absolutely indispensable primary victory, and he won it decisively. But it is not the conclusive victory that his partisans are claiming and that those in the news business who like chasing express trains said it was. The next few primaries (not yet held as we go to press) will extend his string of triumphs. But his now mortally wounded opponents—Scoop Jackson, Mo Udall and George Wallace—will continue to amass votes and delegates, hard currency at the July convention. It is Hubert Humphreys' near-final renunciaton that has given Carter the long lead he now has. But

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

despite the heavy odds for him, the process is too unpredictable to view as inevitable what more than two months of history might yet upset.

It is, in any case, not in the interest of the Democratic party to have its candidate anointed so early in the game. This is particularly true because Carter remains at this date a minority candidate—that is, the candidate of only a minority of those who have already chosen, who are in turn only a minority of those Democrats who will ultimately participate in primaries and caucuses.

One encouraging aspect of Carter's win, hardly noticed by the commentators, is that it was in some part the result of his decision at last to deal with issues. And he did that by appropriating the traditional liberal stance on jobs and health care, though these positions seemed curiously at odds with the rhetorical tone of his campaign and with the views he had previously expressed. (Memory is not much of a factor in our politics.) It is difficult to conceive of trade unionists breaking so sharply with their leaders and in such large numbers if Carter had not supplemented his personal charm by making them feel he was at one with their concrete interests and needs. Without meaningful opposition, without pressure to focus on particular and hard problems of domestic and foreign policy, Carter may well lapse back in to his genial style, thinking it an appropriate strategy against Ford but leaving the public ignorant of what he would do with a mandate to govern.

Carter's support, one shrewd observer has suggested, is broad but thin; that is, it is built on the insubstantial foundations of an image eagerly and favorably projected by the press, largely because he seemed so different from the rest of the pack. The differences may be only superficial ones; that's life in the celebrity trade. And now enters Gov. Brown, a contender in two states beyond California; his personal appeal is no less substantial than Carter's. His experience, short as it is, is at least as relevant. Crucially, he also brings to the campaign a distinctive, idiosyncratic personal style that engages voters and reporters alike. One of the major polls reveals, for example, that had Brown's name been on the ballot in Pennsylvania, on whose soil he had not set foot since he was a boy, he would have gotten 12 percent of the vote. Were Brown to beat the former Georgia governor in Maryland, the edifice of Carter's popularity might begin to flake.

If Brown, like Sen. Church, who may also have something to barter come July, is more an upstart in this enterprise than an answer to a popular prayer, that was not the case with Hubert Humphrey, who ranked a consistently stunning first in the polls and whose phone rang off the hook following the Pennsylvania primary with pleas from friends and supporters that he finally become an active seeker of the nomination. (Many of those personally closest to him, as it happened, urged him to stay out.) Those Humphrey backers who wanted him in felt that if he did not move now the prize would be Carter's by default. It was honorable of him, though in our view mistaken, that he decided to stick by his guns and remain aloof from the contest. He had said he would be available to a deadlocked convention and this is still his position. But Carter's momentum is such—and there are so many corpses strewn about the stage—that a deadlock seems less and less likely. It was a now or never decision for Humphrey, at least it seemed to be to many of Humphrey's supporters in the light of Pennsylvania, and he decided to stay out. Humphrey more than any other man personifies the programs and principles of the Democratic party, its weaknesses and strengths alike. He could have run Carter a good race and might have prevailed. In any case he would have held Carter's face to the fire, forcing him to be unequivocal. But the Humphrey strategy for a divided convention has not fared well. It may yet, but even he seems to think it's not his year.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Common Sense

After two years of deep political unrest, Portugal has concluded that its future lies in the construction of a left-of-center representative democracy on the general Western European model. This, at least, was the verdict of Portuguese voters who went to the polls on April 25 to elect a parliament, the first freely chosen in a half-century. Nevertheless, the leaders of the Portuguese political parties, as well as the key military figures who still retain supreme power in this impoverished Iberian republic, have trouble understanding the new mood of the country. No sooner were the ballots counted but the politicians began bickering over the distribution of power. The acrimony could imperil the fragile Portuguese democracy.

The important thing about the election was that the Portuguese flatly rejected extreme options presented to them: they said no to the rightists who ruled for 50 years under the Salazar-Caetano dictatorship and to the extreme leftists, including the Communist party, who were responsible for much of the chaos of the last two years. The election was thus a demonstration of Portuguese common sense; the voters obviously wish their leaders to translate the mandate into a common-sense government.

Analysis of the election returns suggests at the same time that a moderate leftist trend is at work in Portuguese politics. The Socialists, who function on the Scandinavian model, were first, with nearly 35 percent of the vote, a slight drop from what they won in the Constituent Assembly elections a year ago. The Popular Democratic party, which has a left wing and a semi-rightist wing, was second with 24 percent, also a small drop since 1975. The Communists scored just under 15 percent, which shows that their position is stable; their vote increased about two percent, the incremental margin coming from the vote for a "front" party that ran separately last year, but joined the CP this year.

All in all, a left-oriented majority emerged from the vote even though the Socialists are hostile to the Communists and the fringe extreme-left parties (which garnered some five percent of the vote). The Popular Democrats are even more anti-Communist than the Socialists. Logic would indicate that the elections should produce a Socialist-Popular Democrat coalition government: together they polled 59 percent. But the problem—and, perhaps, the portent of dangers to come—is that the Socialist leader, Mario Soares, and the Popular Democrat chief, Francisco Sá Carneiro, have become personal enemies. As matters stand now, both Soares and Carneiro oppose a coalition of their parties. Soares, proud of his 35 percent vote, talks about establishing a minority Socialist cabinet, which is probably nonsense. If Portugal is to receive direly needed social and economic reforms, parliamentary fights between the Socialists and the Popular Democrats must be avoided. Common sense would call for a Soares-Carneiro alliance.

The Communists and the rightist Social Democratic Center (which picked up nearly 16 percent of the vote, doubling their totals from last year at the expense of the Socialists and the Popular Democrats) are unlikely to become Soares' formal partners even if he succeeds in forming alone a minority government. In such an event, Soares may have to depend tactically on the left wing of the Popular Democrats and even on the Communists. This would do little to help the execution of a common-sense program of reforms.

As a practical matter Portuguese politics is bound to remain paralyzed until June when a new president is elected, replacing Gen. Costa Gomes, the provisional president. Only the new president can pick a prime minister and entrust him with the formation of a cabinet. The two-month political vacuum may encourage a great deal of mischief in Portuguese politics by all the key players, left and right.

If the mischief becomes serious, then the chances will increase that the military, depite its recent commitment to abandon active politics, may force the election of a general or an admiral, something that Portugal should avoid if it is finally to become a full-fledged representative democracy. The burden in the next two months, therefore, is on Portugal's bickering political leaders. One hopes that they will see the light in time.

Ford's Tough Talk

Drug Pushers

The White Paper on Drug Abuse made public last October suggested there were people in the Ford administration who appreciated the gravity of America's drug problems. Simply stated, they recommended a two-pronged approach: law enforcement efforts to restrict the supply of illicit drugs, and prevention and treatment programs to reduce drug demand. Although the report ducked the crucial issue of how much the United States should spend on these programs, it was a reasonably balanced job of analysis.

Unfortunately, that report seems to have had little impact on President Ford. Last week he sent to Congress a six-page, single-spaced message on drug abuse emphasizing a one-pronged approach: bigger and better law enforcement. He practically ignored the matter of drug demand. He proposed "a new and more aggressive campaign" and spoke of "my deep concern about this problem and my personal commitment to do something about it." Yet it was clear that the *human* problems of drug abuse had hardly crossed his mind.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He proposed "mandatory minimum prison sentences for persons convicted of trafficking in heroin and similar narcotic drugs" and new "legislation that would enable judges to deny bail" to certain alleged traffickers. Acknowledging that "tremendous amounts of money are illegally taken out of the country each day, either to purchase drugs or to transfer profits made by selling drugs to safe and secret bank accounts abroad," he advocated a new law that would give the Customs Service "the authority to search persons suspected of smuggling money out of the country as Customs now has the authority to search for contraband entering the country." How would these suspect persons be isolated? Would searches violate the Fourth Amendment? The President gave no hint that he had thought about such questions.

Less controversial was his appeal to Congress to approve ratification of the 1971 Convention on Psychotropic Substances, an agreement that would control the international traffic of drugs such as amphetamines and barbiturates. For five years this measure has been blocked in Congress, thanks largely to the influence of American and international pharmaceutical firms.

Richard Nixon prospered exploiting the drug issue, and his successor is trying to do the same. Faced with an unexpectedly strong challenge from the right in the person of former California Governor Ronald Reagan, Ford continues to woo conservative support. Getting rhetorically tough on drug pushers might help him in some small way at the polls.

Were Ford merely one candidate among many, his rhetoric could be ignored. (After all, what politician ever advocated being soft on drug pushers?) But he is the President, and his lopsided approach is likely to worsen drug problems.

Why do people use drugs? The President doesn't talk about that. In fact, his only suggestion for dealing with the human aspects of drug abuse was the creation of a "new Cabinet Committee on Drug Abuse Prevention, Treatment and Rehabilitation."

On March 20 Ford signed into law a measure containing appropriations for drug treatment programs and establishing an Office of Drug Abuse Policy in the White House. That, apparently, was too bold a step, and he made his lack of enthusiasm for that creature of Congress quite clear: "While I am signing this bill because of the need for federal funds for drug abuse prevention and treatment, I do not intend to seek appropriations for the new Office of Drug Abuse Policy created by the bill." In other words, he plans to pick and choose what parts of the law he will abide by. Not only does the approach seem to be an unconstitutional "item veto," it also gives the lie to Ford's most recent expression of "deep concern" and "personal commitment" to helping people with drug problems.

Peter J. Ognibene

What Does Length Matter?

The Cigarette War

A few years ago it may have made sense for a cigarette company to boast that its customers were loyal (Tareyton smokers would rather fight than switch), but no longer. The tobacco makers are flooding the market with new brands this year in the hope that they will be able to lure smokers away from their old favorites. Each feels compelled to imitate the competition, matching menthol for menthol, filter for filter, tar for tar on a great tobacco chessboard. There are, according to the latest count, 145 varieties of cigarettes on the domestic market, nearly all of them made by the six major companies. The competition among these six giants, real though it may seem to the executives who rise or fall in battle, is in fact a clash of marketing symbols. The company that makes the best ads, not the best cigarettes, wins.

This spring the fighting is most intense under the banners of the very long cigarette and the "healthy" cigarette. Length has always been a popular gimmick. Few cigarettes are still made in the size known as "regular" (70 millimeters). Most have been stretched into king size (85 millimeters), super king size (100 millimeters), a silly millimeter longer than that or—in the latest vogue—the absurd 120 millimeter pencil length. When the Federal Trade Commission, which reports to Congress each year on cigarette consumption and toxicity, filed its survey for 1974, it listed only one very long brand: Chesterfield's 101 millimeter cigarette. The FTC's 1975 report, released in part this month, lists a dozen new types, including the 110 millimeter Capri and a batch of 120 millimeter brands. All of them are potent in the chemicals that make cigarettes dangerous, falling in the bad two-thirds of the FTC's ranking for tar and nicotine. None is a particularly good buy in terms of giving more tobacco for the price. Since the FTC is interested in discouraging tobacco use, it doesn't bother publicizing data of this kind. It's clear, however, that the 120 millimeter brands are remarkable only for their length.

The cigarette makers seem to have developed a new way to promote these long and potent cigarettes. Since 1971 they have been forbidden to advertise on radio or television. As a result, the hundreds of millions of dollars that would normally be spent on the networks—according to the FTC's 1974 data—now flow into newspapers and magazines ($195 million), "Direct" ($31 million) and "Other" ($80 million) advertising media. The FTC's expert on cigarettes, Russell Hatchl, was unable to provide much insight into "direct" and "other" types of advertising, nor could he explain why the FTC's 1975 report on smoking, due last December, has not come out. The cigarette companies don't like to discuss advertising strategies. Nevertheless, it's clear

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that one of the "other" methods being used to promote long cigarettes is simply to hand out vast quantities of free samples. American Tobacco recently gave out free packs of its 120 millimeter brand (Tall) on downtown streetcorners in Washington, DC. A spokesman for the company in New York refused to discuss the ad budget, but did offer a cryptic explanation. Tall had been "tested" in Houston last August, then later in California and Florida. It did well. The reason it appeared on the streets of Washington this spring was that it had "gone national."

The battle over low-tar cigarettes, by contrast, is ideally suited for the medium of print. It turns on the skillful reading and misreading of numerical data. There have been fights over health claims before, notably the "tar derby" of the late '60s, but none so acrimonious as this. In February, American Tobacco, maker of what has for several years been the cigarette with the lowest tar—Carlton—sued R.J. Reynolds Tobacco for "false, misleading and deceptive advertising" in promoting its own low-tar cigarette, Now. Reynolds described its Now cigarette as having the "lowest tar of all cigarettes," while in fact Carlton still makes the cigarette with the lowest tar. To understand how this could have happened, one must know the lay of the land.

Carlton makes a regular cigarette that contains two milligrams of tar, and a king size cigarette with four milligrams of tar. The makers of Now, in a well-planned spring offensive, introduced a *king size* cigarette with only two milligrams of tar. Meanwhile Carlton counterattacked by marketing a regular cigarette containing only one milligram of tar and a king size cigarette of the same potency as Now. Reynolds claims that these Carlton types are not distributed in sufficient numbers to make them genuine competitors—thus the failure to take account of them in its ads. Similar squabbles are developing between the low-tar versions of popular brands such as Marlboro, Kent, Luckies, Winston and Pall Mall.

All of this tends to obscure the fact that smoking any brand of cigarette is dangerous. This is precisely what the companies desire. It's true in a statistical sense that smoking 10 packs of Carlton (two milligrams of tar per cigarette) is better for you than smoking one pack of the worst cigarette—Player's (31 milligrams of tar each). But statistics don't take into account the subtle ways in which smokers defeat their own good intentions. For most people the choice would not fall between Player's and Carlton in any case, but between two moderately toxic brands such as Winston (18 milligrams of tar) and True (11 milligrams). Here the advantage of the low-tar cigarette is less marked.

The May issue of *Consumer Reports* describes some medical research done in Britain suggesting that smokers tend to give themselves the same dose of nicotine regardless of whether they smoke a weak or strong brand of cigarette. An addict must satisfy his needs. When given a weak brand, smokers compensate by smoking more cigarettes or by inhaling more deeply. Since the ratio of tar to nicotine is relatively fixed, one can do the same amount of damage by smoking a low-tar cigarette. *Consumer Reports* said, "Those who increase their smoke intake to get their customary nicotine dose are simultaneously increasing their tar and carbon monoxide intake. Thus the alleged advantages of low-tar, low-nicotine cigarettes are lost to such smokers . . ." The report concluded by saying that someone ought to invent a high-nicotine, low-tar cigarette that would satisfy the addict's craving without exposing him to clouds of tar, and possibly reduce the number of cigarettes smoked each day.

Eliot Marshall

The Fight Over Oversight

by Jerry J. Berman & Morton H. Halperin

The public will soon know if the Senate is committed to reforming the intelligence agencies. The House has already shown where it stands by refusing to release its own intelligence committee report, by launching an investigation into the "leak" of its report to *The Village Voice*, and by throwing up its hands in dismay at the prospect of establishing an oversight committee. Now it is the Senate's turn to make its intentions clear.

On May 10 the full Senate is scheduled to debate and then to vote on a Senate resolution (S. Res. 400) to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

establish a permanent Senate committee to oversee the intelligence activities of the CIA, FBI, NSA and other intelligence agencies. Coming on the heels of its two-year investigation into agency abuses, the vote on oversight is the most significant test of the Senate's resolve to reform the intelligence agencies. If the Senate flunks this test, the congressional reform effort will be stopped dead in its tracks.

Throughout the long Senate investigation, no fact emerged more clearly or consistently than the failure of Congress to exercise meaningful oversight over the intelligence agencies. For 28 years Congress did not know or did not want to know what the agencies were doing. Assassination attempts, efforts to undermine the Allende government in Chile, a 20-year joint CIA-FBI mail opening program, and FBI COINTELPRO operations were conducted without congressional knowledge or approval.

Congress appeared to have learned a lesson from all of this. A number of senators voiced the opinion that if Congress wanted to get a handle on the agencies, Congress would have to now make its oversight effective. Scores of resolutions were introduced to accomplish this. Unless Congress could establish a congressional mechanism that had budgetary and legislative authority over the agencies and the right to all information, substantive reforms would be out of reach. Oversight did not guarantee an end to covert operations abroad or illegal activities at home, but without oversight, genuine reforms would not be likely, might be undermined, and—in any case—are not verifiable.

Six months ago, the creation of a standing committee on intelligence oversight seemed a foregone conclusion. But that was before the House debacle, the administration's concerted attack on "leaks," the murder of Richard Welch, and the drying up of the seemingly bottomless well of revelations that kept the public interested. Today, the mood in the country has changed perceptibly and no intelligence agency reform is guaranteed.

Senate conservatives sense the change and are gearing up to defeat or gut the Senate resolution. The leaders of this effort—Senators Eastland (D,Miss.), Stennis (D,Miss.), Cannon (D,Nev.), and Allen (D,Ala.)—know that the measure probably has the support of a majority of senators. They are counting on a filibuster to block the resolution, which would require the supporters of the measure—Senators Ribicoff (D,Conn.), Baker (R,Tenn.), Church (D,Idaho), and others—to muster 60, perhaps even 67 votes (depending on a ruling by the parliamentarian) to close off debate. Thus, unless Senate liberals and moderates make a serious effort to round up the votes, a serious setback may be in the offing.

Moderates and liberals are looking at the resolution on its merits and beginning to discover broad areas of agreement, insuring that compromise will not affect the essential features of the measure. While they work to build a broad base of support, the resolution is in the conservative-dominated Rules Committee, which has already taken steps to defeat it. The Rules Committee voted last week five to four to make a study of the reform proposal and postpone action until next year. This means that the real struggle will take place on the Senate floor, where a fight will be made to restore the resolution, with some modifications, to the specifications drafted by the Government Operations Committee. It is this version that deserves attention, and understanding.

The resolution as unanimously reported by Government Operations on March 1 would establish an 11-member rotating committee with budget authority and legislative and oversight jurisdiction over the CIA, the Defense Department intelligence agencies (NSA, DIA), and the Intelligence Division of the FBI. It would establish procedures for information to reach the committee and for the committee or the full Senate to make the information public. The key features of the resolution and their underlying rationale are worth considering:

Jurisdiction. The resolution will establish for the first time a single committee with primary jurisdiction over all the agencies engaging in both foreign and domestic intelligence activities. The committee must authorize the budgets of each intelligence agency, and can use its control over the budget to force the release of information and to impose restrictions on the activities of the agencies. In the past, oversight has been scattered among the number of committees with primary functions unrelated to watching over the spies; consequently, agency activities often went unnoticed and no one was held to account. For example, CIA oversight has been the responsibility of the Armed Services Committee, which oversees the whole defense budget, of which the CIA constitutes no more than a tiny percent. The CIA has, in effect, been beyond oversight.

Because its jurisdiction is intelligence, the new committee would be in a position to insure that attention is given to the intelligence activities and to assess the value of information for particular intelligence purposes. The overlap and duplication of effort documented by the House Intelligence Committee would be reduced. Most important, the Committee would be able to guard against the infringement on constitutional rights that often occurred at the intersection of foreign and domestic intelligence gathering and involved the joint operations of the various intelligence agencies. The CIA mail opening program, Operation CHAOS, and the NSA cable

---

Jerry J. Berman and *Morton Halperin* are the co-editors of *The Abuses of the Intelligence Agencies.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

intercept program were all justified as primarily efforts to determine the "foreign" contacts of American citizens and resulted in the systematic infringement of civil rights and violations of law. The most egregious example of this interaction and joint programming is the famous 1970 Huston Plan to open mail, conduct illegal burglaries, and engage in other activities to suppress domestic dissent; the plan was put together by NSA, CIA, FBI and DIA, approved by President Nixon, and only rescinded when J. Edgar Hoover objected to encroachments upon his turf.

In the form approved by the Government Operations Committee, the new oversight committee would have exclusive jurisdiction over the intelligence agencies. It's been pointed out that certain legislative matters pertaining to the FBI are also of primary importance to that committee. A compromise has been worked out that would give the intelligence committee full jurisdiction over the CIA but allow other standing committees to consider legislation of traditional interest. The new committee will still have both authorization and legislative authority over all intelligence agencies.

Rotation. Members and staff of the committee must rotate after six years, thus inviting fresh insights and discouraging members from becoming captives of the agencies they supervise. The CIA will no longer answer to a conservative-dominated Armed Services Committee, and the FBI will not be able to repeat the relationship it established with the House and Senate Appropriations Committees; these committees never questioned the budget of the bureau and relied on FBI staff to review bureau performance.

Control of Information. The resolution would be a major step forward in asserting Senate control over intelligence information. The resolution provides that the committee must be kept "fully and currently informed," that it receive advance notice of major activities including covert operations, and that it be notified by the agencies of any activities that might violate constitutional rights or laws and regulations. Assassination plots and covert political operations such as the attempt to undermine the government in Chile would have to be disclosed to the committee. The CIA could no longer conduct an illegal mail opening program without informing Congress.

Release of Information. The resolution spells out procedures that will permit a majority of the committee or of the Senate to release information. It incorporates the principle that the Senate is a co-equal branch of government and that the Senate and the public have a right to know about the activities of the intelligence agencies and must have the opportunity for informed participation in foreign policy decisions.

Safeguards are provided to protect vital information from disclosure, and to protect information that should be public from being withheld. On the vote of any three members of the committee, a decision of the majority to release or withhold information can be appealed to the full Senate, which can sustain or overrule the majority. If the President objects to the release of information, he can appeal to the Senate, but he cannot just assert, as Presidents have done, that injury may result; he must use a balancing test and certify that "the threat to the national interest of the United States posed by such disclosure is vital and outweighs any public interest in the disclosure."

Charters. Significantly, the new committee is directed to make a series of studies including one of possible new legislative charters for each intelligence agency. This mandates the committee to continue to develop a reform agenda to re-orient the agencies and to redefine in law what is a permissible activity. The CIA charter is ambiguous in its authority to conduct covert operations abroad and surveillance against American citizens at home. Similarly, the FBI currently operates without a legislative charter to define its intelligence jurisdiction. The committee would be in a position to address these critical issues.

These are the major provisions that must be protected. There are other provisions that could be changed or clarified on the floor. First the resolution arbitrarily assigns six members of the majority party and five members of the minority party to the committee. It is preferable that the committee reflect the composition of the Senate as elected by the people. Second, the resolution allows five members of the committee or any 15 members of the Senate to compel an investigation by the Ethics Committee of a member allegedly involved in a potential unauthorized "leak" of information. While the leak must be of information not only classified by the executive but by the committee, and does not include leaks of "illegal" activity, the provision smacks of an inquest because it forces an investigation. The Ethics Committee should have the option not to investigate if it so chooses. A third change would make it clear that all other committees will have access to the intelligence data.

Conservatives are lining up against every one of the

COMING: John Osborne on Ford after Texas, Indiana, Alabama and Georgia

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

key provisions. They are proposing a new "select committee" that would have only oversight authority, leaving the key powers—authorization and legislative authority—in traditional baronies. They attack the composition of the committee because it is not made up exclusively of the traditional Senate leadership. In their minds, other senators cannot be trusted with secrets or knowledge of intelligence agency activities. They question the right of the Senate to release information, and define the issue as primarily one of secrecy, not one of abuses arising from excessive secrecy. They do not think the committee should have notice of covert operations before they are undertaken. And they do not want charters, especially charters developed outside traditional committees, where there are enough votes to prevent them from ever seeing the light of day. They like the status quo and they are determined to protect it.

That is the fight over oversight, a fight between control and reform of the intelligence agencies or a return to secrecy and rule by executive fiat.

The President's oversight mechanism, set forth in his Executive Order of February 18, is a sham. It sets up a three-person board without the power or the duty to compel the agencies to disclose all information and possible abuses. Ford's appointees to the board are more committed to maintaining present practice than even the current heads of the intelligence agencies.

Over the last two decades, Congress has been deliberating the need for oversight. More than 150 bills have been introduced. None of them has been enacted. The last major fight was 20 years ago, when Sen. Mansfield introduced a resolution with 58 co-sponsors to provide for oversight of the CIA. By the time the traditional baronies were finished with it, the measure was dead. S. Res. 400 has fewer co-sponsors. But it was introduced after two years of revelations about what the failure of oversight has cost the country in respect overseas, in civil liberties at home, in public confidence in our institutions, in the erosion of the rule of law. These are immeasurable losses. Do we have to wait another 20 years for another chance to do the obvious?

Enough of Giscard

Riots of Spring

by Donald R. Katz

Paris and springtime. The gas settles like a huge bite of raw onion against the back of your throat. It sticks there and burns for hours.

On April 22, Valéry Giscard d'Estaing strode stylishly into his first formal press conference in a year and a half. He proceeded to provide a classical example of the leadership style that has allowed him to laugh off the fact that most of France's universities are on strike, and that more than 100,000 students, teachers and administrators in 30 cities—over 50,000 in Paris alone—had taken to the streets to protest the government's plan to reform the universities. It didn't appear to discountenance the president in the least. "Style," Giscard once noted, "is the esthetic of action."

The events of 1968, when a political explosion emanating from the universities hastened Charles De Gaulle's departure from office, were on everyone's mind in Paris last week. Giscard's government has obviously miscalculated the level of frustration among the students and among other segments of French society. People have become fed up with Giscard's inscrutable, indecisive and often indurate manner of making the changes he has promised. The aura of uncertainty has been amplified by an attendant series of repressive actions conducted by the police and by several of Giscard's ministers.

It has been said that France is not governed, but administered. There are implicit dangers in a government whose social directives are faithful only to some ineffable pragmatism. It was thus inevitable that Giscard's technocratic reforms would offend some sacred French traditions. That academic freedom should be the subject of violent controversy is rather ironic. The 1968 uprising made obvious the ultimate need for a new style of leadership in France—*voilà* Giscard. The unrest also began a period of destructive neglect of the universities and an obsession with public

Donald R. Katz, an American writer living in London, witnessed the April rioting in Paris.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

order that has preoccupied every French minister of the interior since De Gaulle's departure. A poll published a few days ago in *Le Figaro* reported that 46 percent of the public believe that France may experience a crisis similar to that of 1968 within a few months.

On April 23, more than 25,000 demonstrators, some of them well under 18, marched through Paris. Students in crash helmets marshaled the orderly protest. Members of the press—also in crash helmets—warily eyed the battalions of policemen who waited in every side street. The police blanketed the streets of the entire Left Bank, outfitted with Plexiglass shields, long wooden staves and rifles. They pulled random young people aside and frisked them as the march dispersed. The march in Paris eight days earlier had been different. As the 40,000 students crossed the intersection of Blvd. St. Germain and Blvd. Raspail in the Latin Quarter, the police cut them off. As student leaders spoke with police, CRS riot police (Campagnie Républicaine de Securité) charged from the side streets, firing tear gas into the middle of the crowd. They had encircled the marchers, leaving the local metro stop as the sole escape route. CRS men waded into the terrified crowd and proceeded to beat demonstrators and several tourists who had arrived early for the Easter weekend. Other policemen drove their motorcycles through the middle of the crowd. Some even pumped tear-gas grenades into the underground corridors of the subway. Some 220 demonstrators were detained. The CRS is a mobile police reserve force of 15,000 paramilitary "civilian control" specialists who are under the control of the ministry of the interior. They obviously consider public expressions of dissent to be a form of active subversion, requiring that they pound their truncheons into supine and sometimes already unconscious persons.

The university reforms in question were introduced or, rather, decreed on January 16. The comparatively short document embodying them is a marvel of labyrinthine ambiguities. The government says that there are too many students studying for liberal arts degrees and that this is contributing to the highest level of unemployment since World War II. They want students to be routed into technological and business studies. The present two-tiered university system is to be changed so that the "first cycle" results in a terminal *diploma* somewhat similar to a junior college degree. To go on for a formal *degree* one must go into a vocational program that will prepare the student for active life and exercise of professional responsibility. Article Four of the reforms, by far the most rebarbative to the students and teachers, calls for a committee of administrators and businessmen to submit a yearly report on each university. Their report is to take into account the local economic situation. One-third of the members of this committee are to be appointed by the secretary of state, who will thus gain effective control over the courses and the number of students by basing funding decisions on the yearly report. According to one Paris professor the government's new guiding system will eventually allow the secretary of state to make the universities an offer they can't refuse.

The students, especially those studying the humanities, know that the reforms are aimed at them. The teachers are furious about Paris telling them what to teach. A majority of the rectors of France's 76 universities have said that they will not support reforms that will take away what little autonomy the institutions now have. Mme. Saunier-Seïté, the secretary of state for universities, has made a series of anomalous statements that indicate that even she is a bit confused. She consistently contends that the protesters don't understand the reforms, a statement insinuating that some of the finest academic minds in France are unable to appreciate what she is trying to say. She has also said that only five percent of the students are involved in the protests and that their actions are purely political attempts from the left to discredit the government.

That contention exasperates the moderate students, the majority, who have been actively studying and discussing the reforms. (A rally of support for the reforms drew 150 people.) The students are feeling bullied by an abstracted and inflexible bureaucracy that has never considered the fact that they may not want to study market research. They feel themselves to be paying an exorbitant price for an economy that presents them with few job opportunities.

The function of education within a state that is inexorably moving toward techno-bureaucratic control must necessarily be meritocratic. While the universities have been shamelessly neglected since 1968, the elite *Grandes Écoles* (where most of the present government was educated) have gotten a lot of loving care. (This fact is also obvious to the striking students.) There is a more cynical aspect: in the midst of a recession and with the existence of an entrenched if not resurgent opposition, the relative danger of an educated and unemployed person as compared to one who is simply unemployed becomes increasingly apparent.

As the intent of the reforms and the level of intransigence of the government continues to highlight the paleing of Giscardian liberalism, the parties to Giscard's Left have begun making decisions in terms of electoral power instead of programmatic purity. The walls of Paris are filled with brightly colored posters inviting young people to consider the Socialist or Communist alternatives. The best one is a print of Karl Marx in goggles—hitchhiking.

The left can afford its new-found sense of humor. It can observe the student strikes and also be assured that the present government is even less popular with workers than was De Gaulle's in 1968. Last month, the cantonal elections gave the Socialist-Communist

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

alliance a clear majority on the local level for the first time during the Fifth republic. The next legislative elections are scheduled for 1978, but there is increasing pressure on Giscard to move them forward. Giscard has now promised a personal manifesto by mid-June. People want to know where he stands. He has so obfuscated the direction of his programs that his famous style, so reminiscent of an American President of the early '60s, has begun to resemble another American leader of the early '70s. Giscard will have to defuse the students' rage. It has to be considered one of the first real tests of the ability behind the esthetic. Giscard must know that even tear gas can only clear the streets for a few hours.

Three Scenarios

The Ideal Ticket

By Ken Bode

Obviously it's premature. But that hardly matters at a cocktail party. Political "permutations and combinations" is a game Washington enjoys as much as a dog race bettor does his two-dollar quinella. And now we are at the point in the presidential campaign when one begins to hear talk about vice presidential possibilities—who is likely to run with whom and why. Conventional wisdom being what it is—usually wrong but always malleable—we thought it might be of interest to pass along a few versions of potential tickets being touted by Washington's amateur oddsmakers. Besides, they might be right for a change, and you might as well know now what you are in for.

A week before the Pennsylvania primary, the *Wall Street Journal* suggested that there was a 90 percent chance that either Humphrey or Carter would be the nominee. What the *Journal* would say now—after Pennsylvania and after Sen. Humphrey's announcement that he will remain on the sidelines, no matter how bad it looks for Udall and Jackson, no matter how untested are his remaining stand-ins, Jerry Brown or Frank Church—we don't know. The tickets offered below are constructs of the days before Pennsylvania and the weeks during which Humphrey intimates fought an undeclared war among themselves, one group pushing him in, another pulling him out. "They will all fight to the last drop of Humphrey's blood," observed one former aide.

Could Humphrey have been nominated? One TV network delegate counter with experience in assessing convention dynamics analyzed the backgrounds, mandates and loyalties of the 950 or so Democratic delegates selected prior to Pennsylvania. Without equivocation, he said: "Were this the entire convention, Humhrey would be a third ballot nominee."

And for Humphrey's running mate? Bernard Gotlieb, the political information officer of the French Embassy in Washington, whose job it is to pass on intelligence in cables to Paris said "Right now, you can't find anyone in Washington who doesn't say the ticket will be Humphrey-Carter." The Georgian's showing in Pennsylvania altered the odds on this primary course.

That judgment—based as it was on the notion that Jimmy Carter could be stopped—has now become a very tenuous propositon.

By convention time, Jimmy Carter may have won more primaries than George McGovern did four years ago and three times as many as John Kennedy even entered in 1960. Keeping the nomination from him may present the Democrats with a huge public relations problem. But if it works Carter will have still earned a place on the ticket by running, by winning and by eliminating Wallace once and for all. Also, Carter on the ticket holds out a tantalizing potential to return much, if not all of the South to the Democratic fold for the first time in a generation. Add up the electoral votes of the Southern and border states—including Texas and Florida—and the total comes to 145 or slightly more than half the sum needed to win. If Carter is blocked but wants second place, the Democrats could deny it to him only on peril of completely writing off Dixie one more time; rejecting the moderate, anti-Wallace Southerner who proved he could win nationwide will confirm suspicions that the party harbors a permanent bias against the region. In that event, all Gerald Ford would need to do to lock up the South *en bloc* would be to pick Howard Baker, William Brock or John Connally as his running mate.

The second potential ticket, and one that has proved its durability as an object of speculation ever since the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

brokered convention thesis was first advanced, is Humphrey-Kennedy. This amounts to an alternative non-Southern strategy, advanced on the assumption that without the South the Democrats must win at least three of the five large industrial swing states—California (45 electoral votes), Illinois (26), New Jersey (17), Ohio (25) and Pennsylvania (27). Winning four of these states, it is believed, would guarantee a Democratic administration for the next four years, and if he would take it Kennedy is the vice presidential selection who would do the most for the ticket in these places.

There may be some obvious disadvantages in pairing the party's oldest wheelhorse with Peck's bad boy; together, they probably eliminate Watergate as an issue and a problem for the GOP. But there are also advantages. Blacks are Democratic in presidential elections, and, it is said, if a Kennedy is on the ticket, blacks will turn out in large numbers. Black voting has fallen off steadily since 1964, and Humphrey-Kennedy would be the strongest drawing combination possible in the black community. Moreover, Kennedy is a Catholic, an attribute the party has recognized as a key element in constructing its presidential coalition three of four times since 1960. Some favor a Humphrey-Kennedy combination because it takes care of succession; if Humphrey really is sick or decides to serve only one term, the first choice of many Democrats would be there to assume power. There are also some advantages for Teddy, who, it is assumed, really would like to be President some day. Settling for second spot this year would not defang Chappaquiddick, but it would minimize the issue by the time Teddy got around to running for the top spot some years hence.

Let's treat more seriously the more serious possibility that Jimmy Carter will continue his winning ways finishing up with 1000-to-1100 delegates after the Ohio-New Jersey-California showdowns on June 8. He then will have five weeks before the gavel falls at Madison Square Garden to pick up the balance needed for a first or second ballot nomination, and obviously the vice presidential nomination will be a key element in nailing down those votes. Carter recently admitted that he had already assembled a list of more than 20 prospective Vice Presidents, but presuming that his never-tell-a-lie dictum will still be in force and that he therefore won't secretly offer second place to half-a-dozen ambitious politicians, where does he go with his one and only deal to do himself the most good?

He goes first to the 5th floor, City Hall, Chicago, Illinois. There, two men, each of whom have a lot to offer the other, get together to talk it over. Mayor Richard Daley is now sitting on a cache of nearly 100 voting delegates, most ostensibly pledged to favorite-son Adlai Stevenson, III, but legally unbound and available to be moved on the first ballot. There is no question about the fealty of these delegates; they are cogs in the Cook County Democratic machine, all of them deliverable by Mayor Daley.

Daley has been the goat of the last two Democratic conventions; he was personally blamed for the "police riots" contributing to the disruptions in 1968 when he was the host mayor, and he was unseated along with the rest of his delegates for violations of rules crafted by George McGovern in 1972. For Daley, what better vindication than to act this year as kingmaker, brokering the presidential nomination, and in the process getting his own man the second spot on the ticket?

That man, of course, would be Stevenson, who, as the vice presidential nominee, could do Richard Daley plenty of good in Illinois. The toughest chore Daley faces in his final term is assuring that the governorship of Illinois does not slip into the hands of his nemesis, US Attorney James Thompson, the GOP nominee. Thompson has already indicted and convicted well over 50 members of the Cook County machine, including police officials, election judges, aldermen and personal Daley aides. Thomas Keane, one of the Mayor's closest friends and his city council floor leader for years, took up new residence in the Federal correctional institution in Louisville only last week. Daley's handpicked candidate for governor, Michael Howlett, squeaked out a victory over another of the mayor's enemies, Dan Walker, in last month's primary; but in doing so, he lost 85 counties in downstate Illinois, areas of Stevenson's greatest strength. For his purposes, Daley could ask for no stronger ticket than Carter-Stevenson. Chicago Democrats are habitual straight-ticket voters; if Adlai Stevenson is on the national ticket, it might stimulate the same temporary impulse among downstate voters, thereby giving Daley the governor he wants.

For Jimmy Carter, picking up Mayor Daley's endorsement means much more than garnering 100 more first ballot votes. This year's Carter operation has one thing in common with the McGovern campaign of four years ago—it is being run without substantial involvement by the party's Establishment. That is what made the last-minute stop-McGovern movement possible in 1972 and it explains why in places like Missouri, Oklahoma and Virginia, uncommitted slates of regulars are being chosen over competing slates pledged to Carter. Daley's support would give Carter an instant, matchless stamp of party regularity.

The most important effects of a Daley-Carter deal would be its impact on the effort to deadlock the convention and swing it to Humphrey. Daley's delegates wouldn't put Carter on top; he would still have to find 300 or more votes. But consider the effect of Daley's announcement for Carter on the architects of what remains of the Humphrey cause around the country—fellows like Joe Crangle and Meade Esposito in New York who are holding delegates for Hubert or favorite sons like Jerry Brown, Peter Rodino and Lloyd Bentsen. They would conclude immediately that it was all over and probably it would be.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on theater

Phoenix Fumbles

The Phoenix Theater, like its mythological namesake, keeps trying to rise from its ashes, but the ashes keep catching up with it and by now it's quite a pile. The Phoenix was started in 1953 and was, I believe, the only institutional theater in New York at the time, doing seasons of revivals and new plays, including new musicals. It waxed and waned and kept on waxing and waning, but whether doing one or the other, it displayed no fire, no ambitions toward anything like unified style, not even the dubious goal of esthetic propaganda. It was—like the Circle in the Square and the Beaumont today—simply a group that did seasons of plays, for subscribers if it could get them, with no permanent ensemble and with many different directors. However, in its various forms and alliances through the years, in New York and on tour, the Phoenix has maintained one thing: an aroma of weak high-mindedness. Basically the Phoenix has always seemed to me the perfect matinée theater for club-ladies.

No theater can exist that long without some achievements. The Phoenix has presented me with some nice memories, most of them from their first home in the former Yiddish Art Theater down in Irving Howe country. There I saw Fritz Weaver's striking small-part debut in Sidney Lumet's malformed production of Shaw's *The Doctor's Dilemma*; Tyrone Guthrie's lovely productions of *The Pirates of Penzance* and Pirandello's *Six Characters in Search of an Author*; Irene Worth in Schiller's *Mary Stuart*. But most of the Phoenix work that I saw was dullish do-gooding or worse.

Then it joined forces with that lackluster repertory company, the APA, under that lackluster director Ellis Rabb (whose current production of *The Royal Family* continues his pedestrian career). After five years the Phoenix divorced itself from APA, and started its own repertory company under T. Edward Hambleton, one of the founders in 1953, who is still running Phoenix. (The repertory was only seasonal, not continuing, and hardly any of the actors continued as "company"; but that's par for the American course.) The productions that I saw—Molière, Congreve, Dürrenmatt, Pirandello—were miserable, and I gave myself a brief vacation from the Phoenix. Now I've seen their two latest productions—revivals of American plays—which are only marginally better. (At the Playhouse.)

Boy Meets Girl by Bella and Sam Spewack (1935) is a typical Broadway farce of the between-wars era. It's about Hollywood, but it could have been about shoestring Broadway producers or a nightclub girl in a college dorm or horse players, as other 1930s hit farces were. As playwriting they are all just juggling to keep you distracted from the very fact of the juggling. The authors always seem to be performing in front of a caliph who will have them beheaded if they bore, so they sweat and strain with ever-wider frightened grins. The plays themselves always make me think of balcony stairs. I see the authors sitting in the back of the theater on the balcony stairs at rehearsals in Boston or Philadelphia, portable typewriters on laps, frantically rewriting.

Kaufman and Hart's *Once in a Lifetime*, one of the best of the breed, is also about Hollywood and is much better than *BMG* because it's built on something interesting: the arrival of sound. *BMG* (which was filmed in 1938 with James Cagney, Pat O'Brien and Ronald Reagan) has to make its own way, so to speak, with no better material than the stock stuff of Hollywood extravagance and zaniness. The plot is pumped and whumped and is never well enough manufactured to be really funny, only frantic. (The one funny line falls flat here. The curtain goes up on a movie producer dictating to his secretary; he begins: "My dear Signor Pirandello . . .")

The historically important aspect of this play, of all Broadway comedy of the period, is not the writing but the fact that out of it was developed a unique style of directing and acting, one of the few clearly individuated American theater styles. The ace director in that style was the man who first did *BMG*, George Abbott: such fast-talking actors as Lee Tracy and Allan Joslyn were leading performers. It was all sharp, bright, brassy, with a tempo imposed from without, not generated by the script. Unlike British and French farce styles, its intent was fundamentally to keep life out, to create a small, fast, perfect mechanism—which it frequently did. It had about as much relation to "motivated" acting as trapeze work has to ballet. (Reportedly Abbott once told an actor at a rehearsal to cross from right to left on a certain line. "But what's my motivation?" asked the actor. "Your motivation," said Abbott, "is that I'll kick your ass out of this theater if you don't.")

I certainly don't mourn the virtual end of that style, but when a play of that era is revived, who today is going to direct and play it? Certainly not John Lithgow who directed here and who keeps things rushing but who has small sense of comic phrase and point and who simply doesn't know when members of his cast are dismally unfunny. Of the company Lenny Baker (the boy in *Next Stop, Greenwich Village*) is a mild surprise as a bespectacled wild screenwriter, but the rest are mostly wretched, particularly Marybeth Hurt who is back again with the Betty Boop voice and cuteness that she used in Congreve and Pinero and also uses later in Gillette.

The matter of style, a different one, is also the root of the other failure, William Gillette's Civil War melodrama *Secret Service* which he wrote in 1895 and played for decades. (Richard Dix, resplendent in Confederate uniform, filmed it in 1931.) Melodrama was a staple of the 19th-century American theater, but its style, as distinct from subject, was not greatly different from European models, in writing or in acting. Stylistically *BMG* is much more

Films Worth Seeing

All the President's Men. We bring a lot of the excitement *with* us, but the film does about as well as it could with this hard-to-film subject. Well acted.

Face to Face. Ingmar Bergman, Liv Ullmann and friends explore the "normality" of the normal. Not best Bergman but often fine.

One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest. Jack Nicholson is tremendous in a questionable mental-hospital allegory.

Seven Beauties. Lina Wertmüller's tragic farce of a Neapolitan in WW II. Sometimes trite or blatant, yet a daring, beautiful concept.

SK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

peculiarly American than *Secret Service*.

But if a 40-year-old style is remote from this company, an 80-year-old style is more than twice as remote. So, under their addled director Daniel Freudenberger, they make the worst possible choice: they kid the play—and they make it even worse by not kidding it consistently. The play is done more or less straight until the villain arrives and cavorts as in a summer-camp romp: then *both* approaches are used alternately. At its best the show almost touches the sweep and gesture of melodrama, particularly with Meryl Streep, the heroine, who has some historical imagination and has good looks that are timeless—she looks good in any period. John Lithgow (who directed *BMG*) starts dashingly enough as the hero, but he throws it all out the window later in cartoon, even though the program notes that Gillette's distinction was naturalism in a florid era. Freudenberger evidently induced these betrayals out of ignorance or lack of confidence, even though he put in, before each scene, authentic period songs, sung authentically. Without inflating *Secret Service*, there's a small daring in the script that the director never faces: the villain is a true Confederate patriot, in a play set in Richmond; the hero is a Northern spy. Gillette was clearly relying on actors' qualities and at least some truthful character discrimination to guide audience sympathies, not on Freudenberger horseplay.

It's deplorable—not because *Secret Service* is worth much more than the paper it's written on but just *because* it's not much of a play and is not worth reviving unless one makes an honest effort to re-create the theater of which it was a part. Theater people are always eager to mock the popular theater of the past—*e.g.*, the Royal Shakespeare Company's revival of *London Assurance*—as if our own popular theater were Olympian.

James Tilton designed both plays, the farce adequately, the melodrama drearily. The same body of actors performs in both plays and demonstrates more of the handicaps of repertory than of the blessings.

Both productions are part of the Phoenix's season of American plays, apparently chosen for the Bicentennial. The Phoenix celebrates that event just as it has done most of its work in the past 23 years—with well-meaning fumble.

Living With Lobbies

In an era of political corruption and influence-peddling, the word lobby, as noun or verb, usually refers to those representatives of special interests who attempt to win the blessings of legislators. Dictionaries, however, particularly those with historical interests, spend much more space on the word's architectural status; originally a covered walk in a monastery, or a passage which could be used as an ante-room, the lobby has also denoted, at various times, apartments under a ship's quarterdeck, a small enclosure for cattle, and an entrance hall in which members of Parliament met constituents, a usage which led to its modern political meaning.

As an architectural setting, however, the lobby was relatively unimportant until the 19th century and the growth of modern hotels, office buildings, theaters and apartment houses. As urban centers developed special institutions for amusement, lodging and work, a new need appeared: to shelter briefly, for purposes of convenience, movement or communication, promiscuous assemblages of people.

Physical demands were supplemented, in the United States, by ideological constraints. Taught to suspect great demonstrations of private wealth, Americans found a convenient site for collective fantasies in the public rooms of commercial establishments like hotels. Forbidden palaces and castles, republican Americans enjoyed the opulence of fancy carpets, crystal chandeliers and elaborate furniture through the kindness of their local publicans, whose huge establishments astonished foreign visitors and gladdened the heart of every loyal patriot.

Moreover, because most American towns and cities neglected to provide

Lawrence A. Cremin says it's time for education to graduate from school

PUBLIC EDUCATION

Lawrence A. Cremin

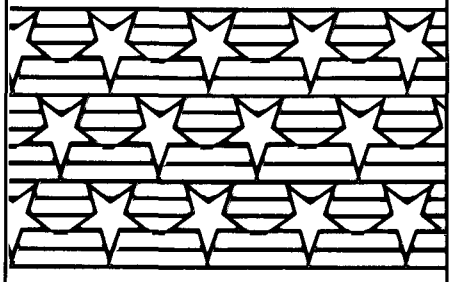
Arguing that public education in this country cannot become fully effective as long as it is identified solely with schooling, the president of Columbia University's Teachers College provides "an excellent overview of the multiplicity of institutions that educate . . . And he sounds a hopeful note in calling on the establishment to look at the reality of education in America today, where 'learning' is a lifelong activity. Nonpolemical, eminently rational, it should be heeded by educators." —*Publishers Weekly*

$7.95 at bookstores, or direct from the publisher.

NEW SIGNIFICANT
BASIC
BASIC BOOKS INC.
10 EAST 53RD ST, NEW YORK 10022

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Issues of '76



The Best-Laid Schemes:
A Tale of Social Research and Bureaucracy
by Seymour J. Deitchman
$14.95

Watchmen in the Night:
Presidential Accountability after Watergate
by Theodore C. Sorensen
Foreword by James MacGregor Burns
now in paperback, **$3.95**
hardcover edition, **$8.95**

Crisis in the Workplace:
Occupational Disease and Injury
A Report to the Ford Foundation
by Nicholas Askounes Ashford
$17.50

Work and the Quality of Life:
Resource Papers for *Work in America*
edited by James O'Toole
now in paperback, **$5.95**
hardcover edition, **$15.00**

Humanizing Health Care:
Alternative Futures in Medicine
by Robert F. Rushmer
$13.50

The Politics of Neglect:
Urban Aid from Model Cities to Revenue Sharing
by Bernard J. Frieden and Marshall Kaplan
$14.95

Equal Employment Opportunity and the AT&T Case
edited by Phyllis A. Wallace
$16.95

Incendiary Weapons
by the Stockholm International Peace Research Institute (SIPRI)
$9.95

The MIT Press
Massachusetts Institute of Technology
Cambridge, Massachusetts 02142

easily accessible and well-maintained sanitary facilities, lobbies (along with restaurants and department stores) became havens for the frantic and the footsore, their toilets and washrooms providing oases of comfort. Lobbies, of course, served many other functions as well: they were centers for display, arenas for assignation, spots to gain information and directions, and small shopping centers convenient for the purchase of cigars, toiletries and postcards.

Hotel lobbies were particularly rich in their capacity to sustain social encounters. Film-makers and novelists gloried in their profusion of furniture, foliage and hidden corners, from which the house detective, the jilted lover, or a hated business rival might emerge at any moment. In the dozens of chairs which usually lined any well-appointed lobby sat the loungers, including pickpockets, the unemployed and those simply waiting to meet friends or business acquaintances. The moral tone of the lobby was tolerant enough although, as Sam Spade told his friend Luke in *The Maltese Falcon*, cheap gunmen with suspicious bulges in their jackets didn't help much. With few settings that encouraged sauntering or quiet contemplation, Americans welcomed lobbies. The obvious services they performed disguised one of their true functions: a place one could go to rest and pretend to be waiting for something to begin, rather than, as so often happened, waiting for something to end.

The role of the lobby as refuge was explored by many novelists, among them by Theodore Dreiser in *Sister Carrie*. Dreiser used the lobby to signal Hurstwood's decline. The former restauranteur "knew hotels well enough to know that any decent-looking individual was welcome to a chair in the lobby." But taking that chair was a "painful thing to him. To think he should come to this! He had heard loungers about hotels called chair-warmers. He had called them that himself in his day. But here he was, despite the possibility of meeting someone who knew him, shielding himself from cold and the weariness of the streets in a hotel lobby."

Lobbies also supported more hopeful social encounters. Dreiser, again, this time in *An American Tragedy*, employed the Green-Davidson Hotel to initiate Clyde Griffiths into a taste for wordly luxury. The lobby was "more arresting, quite, than anything he had seen before. It was all so lavish. Under his feet was a checkered black-and-white marble floor. Above him a coppered and stained and gilded ceiling. And supporting this, a veritable forest of black marble columns," which surrounded "lamps, statuary, rugs, palms, chairs, divans, têtes-à-têtes—a prodigal display."

Lobbies, in effect, became stage sets, permitting a theatricality of manner that would have been out of place anywhere else. Making a return visit to the United States Henry James caught the appeal of the "hotel spirit" to the display-conscious social climbers who moved through the public rooms of the old Waldorf-Astoria in a golden haze of clatter and publicity. It was the concentration, the accumulation, the intensity of the hotel world that absorbed James, its capacity to include almost everyone and to break down every barrier but two: the appearance of respectability and the filled wallet. "Protected at those two points the promiscuity carries, through the rest of the range, everything before it," parading "through halls and saloons in which art and history, in masquerading dress, muffled almost to suffocation as in the gold brocade of their pretended majesties and their conciliatory graces, stood smirking on its passage with the last cynicism of hypocrisy."

Such stage sets were naturally placed in the hands of free-spending decorators. The expense of the rugs, the antiquity of lamps and tables, the ornateness of grills and cuspidors, all formed part of every hotel or apartment house's pride. The Book Cadillac Hotel in Detroit, opened in 1924, chose a Venetian motif for its main lobby; lavish promotional literature described its walls "of beautiful colored Brèche Violette marble trimmed with white Alabama," and the bronze railings rested on black walnut beams which protected balcony promenaders. A ceiling of intricately designed gold leaf panels, emblazoned with the arms of Cadillac, the founder of Detroit, oversaw a selection of furniture which included several pieces "taken from Sarah Bernhardt's drawing room," as well as imported old Sèvres vases. Even the telephone booths and candy cases were made of walnut with marble bases, to carry out the motif chosen by the hotel's proud management. The Los Angeles Biltmore selected Spanish Renaissance for its theme: beamed ceilings, murals and painted panels, heroic antique lanterns, a giant Long Gallery and a magnificent staircase adorned in its

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

public areas. The Book Cadillac and the Biltmore were matched in their splendors by hundreds of other hotels in every American city, fighting for patronage, as the Albert Pick Company put it in 1928, "through appeals to love of luxury and beauty." George B. Post & Sons, designers of the Statler Hotels in Boston and Buffalo, New York's Hotel Roosevelt and Seattle's Hotel Olympic; Schulze and Weaver, who planned the Los Angeles and Miami Biltmores, the Roney Plaza in Miami Beach, the Hotels Pierre, Lexington and Waldorf-Astoria; Weeks and Day, architects of San Francisco's Mark Hopkins and Sir Francis Drake, were among the major contributors to this outpouring of ostentation. And to this must be added, of course, the work of cinema designers like Rapp & Rapp, John Eberson, Thomas Lamb and Walter Ahlschlager, whose lobbies made the gaudiest hotel interiors seem reticent by comparison.

Because the lobby established the personality of the building it introduced, managers did not begrudge its expense. And they understood the apparent deceits. In the case of theaters, it was legitimate, wrote Harold Rambusch in 1930, for the showman to hold sway at the entrance as well as the stage. "Even a very elaborate entrance and foyer has a certain effect after the excitement of the street. Lobbies may well be full of gold, mirrors and posters." The office building lobby, argued a designer of the 1920s, was meant to suggest "the prosperous conditions of the various business concerns housed in the building." And for apartment house dwellers, according to Lois Wagner in 1956, the elaborate lobby acted "to confirm the good fortune of the tenants who have secured leases to what may be an overpriced warren, and to create, by association, an aura of prosperity to dazzle their guests."

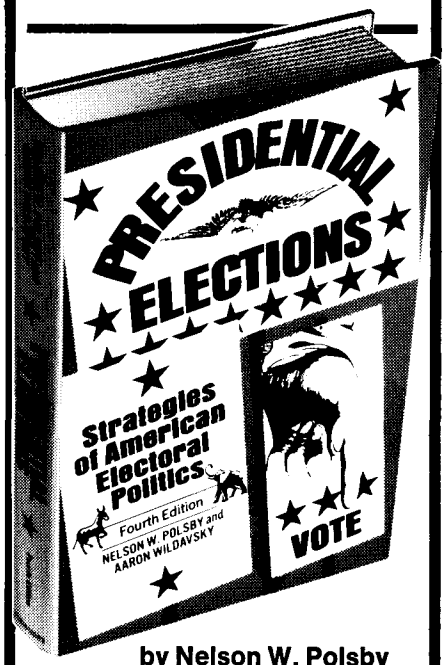
In the late '20s and early '30s many lobbies were created in a somewhat more restrained opulence than their predecessors. The greater austerity of *art moderne* relied on rich materials rather than a profusion of objects. Sleeker (and easier to keep clean), these lobbies used lighting more effectively to create the prosperous hush appropriate to expensive structures. But the crisis of the depression and the pressures of post-war rebuilding interrupted this tradition of lobby luxury. Builders exploited the new savings possible by making lobbies simpler, smaller and more utilitarian. Glass walls summoned the outdoors to the aid of illusion, blurred the boundaries between building interiors and exteriors and so achieved a spaciousness possible, at one time, only in large rooms with high ceilings. The furniture diminished in elaborateness, and gradually also the lobby's borderline role began to grow vaguely disturbing.

The trend appeared first in apartment houses and theaters, for new hotel construction did not really get under way until the 1950s. Apartment house owners grew concerned about security. With labor costs rising it was difficult to maintain the previously ubiquitous liveried doormen. Buzzers and room telephones began to take their place, but they were stationed in ante-rooms, cut off from the lobby itself. Why spend money on furnishings that thieves could rip off with effortless ease? Those locked in the building could gaze out at potentially threatening passers-by, or better yet stay safely in their own apartments. Lobbies grew smaller and in some instances practically disappeared. Movie theaters, particularly those featuring the new European art films, tended to be simpler and to treat the large decorated spaces of the older palaces as embarrassments. And motels, which mushroomed in the 1950s and for a time threatened to end all hotel construction, went even further. Where possible the swimming pool, open only to registered guests, substituted entirely for the lobby's recreational pleasures. The chief exceptions here were the lavish resort hotels being constructed in places like Las Vegas and Miami Beach. In these gilded El Dorados, restraint was a cardinal sin.

Although some critics argued, in the 1950s, that the anonymity of modern buildings dressed in their glass and metal façades might lead to lobby extravagance as part of the search for personality, this did not happen. Instead, as security became a greater problem, the lobby's spatial shrinkage was accompanied by the disappearance of its social functions. A necessary pass-through, the lobby could be dominated by some large art work (metal sculpture, hard to damage or to move, became increasingly popular), or by plantings. The foliage softens the hard-edged look of marble and metal, and can be maintained on contract.

Thus in Chicago, a stroll through newer office buildings like the Standard Oil and Sears towers reveals clinically clean and smooth lobbies, with little to distract business people from making their appointed rounds. Simple fixtures

Everyone who votes should read PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS



by Nelson W. Polsby and Aaron Wildavsky

This invaluable and highly acclaimed guide to the bewildering process of electing a president has sold well over 100,000 copies in previous editions. Now thoroughly revised and updated, it **"provides both a basic education in the forces that shape our presidential elections and an up-to-date discussion of the changes in the game. Politicians, journalists, and voters alike will find it the starting point for their understanding of the 1976 campaign."**
—David S. Broder,
The Washington Post

"It is a first-rate job and will be much in demand during the Presidential election of our Bicentennial year."
—Richard M. Scammon,
Director,
Elections Research Center

$8.95, $4.95 paperback

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and Alexander Calder's Universe dominate Sears' understated entrance. The shopping arcade is on a lower floor. Closed-circuit television cameras, aids to security guards, complete the sense of wandering through alien territory. Television cameras are also a feature of many apartment house lobbies. Where doormen can still be maintained, apartment houses attempt a show of elegance, but increasingly these lobbies are bare, quiet and vacant.

The only lobbies that retain some of their older features and have not been converted totally into danger zones are hotel lobbies. But here, sad damage has been done. In the large urban hotels of the 1920s, while much of the ground and lobby floors was devoted to stores, the great central spaces were planned for the convenience of guests and visitors. Milwaukee's Hotel Schroeder (by Holabird & Roche), had a lobby of 53 by 86 feet, with practically all of the furniture "placed between the four large columns in the center of the room, leaving a passage around the columns to be used as a circulation space, insuring comfort and ease where people are sitting." Three steps away was a lounge, almost as large, with tables, lamps, couches and other accessories.

Would that hotels continue to be so solicitous! In the 1950s and 1960s the lounges practically disappeared, and the lobbies were defaced by concessions and partitions. Although impressive spaces remain in some older urban and resort hotels—Chicago's Palmer House retains its grand stairway and 138-foot lobby—many hotels carved bars and cocktail lounges out of public areas, and new hotels, unhampered by legacies of generosity, could be still more efficient in their planning.

Within the last 10 years, however, a burst of hotel planning has attempted to recapture, and even expand upon, these lost glories. Two diverging paths have been chosen. One is exemplified by Chicago's new Ritz Carlton, opened just a few months ago. The Ritz, seeking to inherit the *grande luxe* tradition, has spent a fortune to reinstate the lobby floor, and make it a center for promenading, eating and drinking. Once again the materials are rich and costly and the long Promenade is impressive; moreover, the views, from its 12th floor location, are dramatic and enticing. Just as its advertisements try to evoke memories of Cesar Ritz and Escoffier, the hotel identifies itself with the era of palm courts, crystal chandeliers and chamber groups playing for well-dressed diners and drinkers.

But the Ritz lobby is not completely satisfying, partly because the secure eclectic vision of the older hotels has been so weakened. It believes in luxury, but without stylistic conviction. The marble and the carpets don't really suit the furniture; in the main lobby, as opposed to the Promenade, seating is inconspicuously placed in side sections rather than amply and invitingly in the center. Bars and restaurants, as well as the large central fountains and plantings, organize a traffic flow which is effectively shielded from wandering pedestrians by an elevator trip. The stage-set quality that absorbed Henry James is quickly apparent, but the Marshall Field showcases, which are scattered about every few feet, remind guests of the commercial urgency of the enterprise.

But if retailing intrudes, the Ritz lobby is rich, capacious and even occasionally reassuring in its old-fashioned opulence. A very different model, in the lobby revival, has been developed by John Portman, and applied in Chicago, San Francisco, Knoxville and several other cities. And it has just been elaborated in its first home, Atlanta, by three huge new hotels which have either opened or are about to open. The Portman lobbies, and those which embody their principles, are special kinds of places. Enormous, dwarfing spaces, large enough to contain (as in Atlanta's Peachtree Plaza) an artificial lake and extensive plantings, they dazzle visitors, but they no longer function quite as lobbies once did. The layered tiers of floors, the activity and the multiple views are exciting but often dizzying; few nooks and corners permit quiet conversation or restful observation except, of course, for the bars and restaurants which exact a price for the privilege.

These new lobbies are not ceremonial stage sets or retreats for the tired and the expectant. They are closer to movie screens, illusionistic amusement parks whose glitter encourages activity, not repose, and speed in place of stateliness. No longer ante-rooms or border areas, these lobbies are the climaxes, the sum totals, the holy of holies of their respective buildings. They may soon need lobbies of their own. Miniature cities, with extensive shopping areas, avenues and occasionally even re-created historic sites, they exemplify the closed landscapes that are increasingly being substituted for the wide open visions that used to form the American dream of space. Once American towns and cities differentiated themselves from Europe by their limitless, ungirdled vistas, the absence of defining walls, moats and battlements; their attenuated streets stretched out to the infinite. "Instead of looking inward to a hermit realm of refuge," Fred Somkin argued in *Unquiet Eagle*, our ante-bellum towns "scanned the horizon with an exaggerated ambition bordering on the fantastic."

Now, befitting an older civilization, the lobby's function has become illusionistic: to reassure the anxious that it does, in fact, contain limits—doors, walls, roof—and yet can include every variety of nature, only more intensely than the outdoors itself. The glass elevators and revolving roof-top restaurants, both of which fit the conventions of distant spectatorship, allow these limits to be explored and experienced; once visitors have discovered them they can revel in tours through the park and jungle of the lobby floor, punctuated by glances up at the enclosed heaven.

The success of these new interiors is partly a function of changing travel experiences. Railroads mixed ceremony in their stations, with endless horizons on their tracks. But airlines join informality and rapid movement, at the airport, with enclosed transcendence of earth-bound limits, in their flights. The combination of enclosure and transcendence differentiates the new lobbies from the old. Border spaces once bridged public and private functions, their fulsome decoration serving as tributes to hidden resources of wealth and generosity. Their extravagance was a form of public flattery that humored masses of people into appropriate public behavior. The newer spaces disperse rather than concentrate social encounters, filtering not spotlighting meetings. No longer objectifying the social setting, the lobby overruns it, surmounts the environment by its own enclosure. Thus, like so many contemporary arrangements, the new lobby preserves the illusion of individualism by relying on secure controls. Vulgar and pompous the old lobbies were, but their elaborate decoration spoke more obviously of manipulation. Less has indeed become more.

Neil Harris

Neil Harris is professor of history and director of the National Humanities Institute at the University of Chicago.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books Considered

The New Golden Land: European Images Of America From the Discoveries To the Present Time by Hugh Honour

(Pantheon; $20, $8.95 paper)

The European Vision Of America by Hugh Honour

(Kent State University Press; $17.95, $9.95 paper)

It is both anomalous and fitting that the idea for the exhibition which resulted in Hugh Honour's magnificent and much praised book and catalogue was first proposed by Wai-kam Ho, the curator of Chinese art at the Cleveland Museum of Art. Whatever the immediate circumstances, which may have included the late President's epochal Marco-Poloiad, the result as assembled by Honour and his fellow workers is a forceful reminder that, in the words of S.E. Morison, "America was discovered accidentally," that "most of the exploration for the next 50 years was done in the hope of getting through or around it," of finding a passage to Cathay. If the exhibit, which opened in the National Gallery late last year (and will be traveling to Cleveland this month before moving on to Paris in the fall), has been widely heralded as something of a silent opera commemorating the Bicentennial, it is also an event marking a much earlier event, for it was in 1476 that Christopher Columbus first put out to sea, a deck hand aboard one of a convoy of Genoese merchant ships.

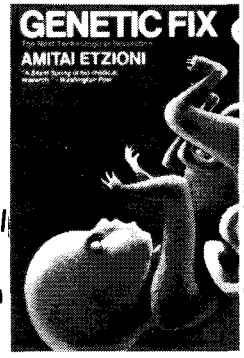
Despite persistent efforts, early and late, to prove that Columbus was not the first to discover America, iconographic honors most definitely go to the Admiral of the Ocean Sea. Yet Columbus himself thought he had reached the Orient, and died convinced (or maintaining) that he had found the terrestrial paradise. If America was, to an extent which Hugh Honour illustrates at length, a creation of the Renaissance, it was a distinctly Renaissance creation, being, in the words of Edgard Varèse, "no definite place but . . . a symbol of the discoveries of new worlds on earth, in space, and also in the human mind," an ever renewing blank canvas. America as creation is best expressed by those maps with which Renaissance cartographers tried to give definitive shape to confused and often contradictory reports of what was soon called the New World, colorful combinations of blues, golds and greens along the margin of a large field of white, bits of a mosaic in the process of construction, an artwork in which the subjective element was given large play.

Less a celebration than a cerebration, *New Golden Land* provides a lengthy reflection by means of icons that America was, from the beginning, a mistake compounded of illusions carried from Europe, that the New World was a "European Vision." Named for a travelliar, America is a coincidental anagram for "kimera," the sort of unreal creature portrayed as a symbol of the New World, a statuesque Indian queen astride armadillos or alligators. Tawny, half-naked, decked out in tropical plumes of brilliant hues, she reflects a savage splendor that mingles the primitive imagery engendered by first encounters with America and the voluptuous barbarousness of Renaissance Europe. "America," wrote Melville, "is civilized in externals but a savage at heart," yet his symbolic "American" in this regard was John Paul Jones, a renegade Scotsman who served Melville also as type and symbol of the French Revolution, a "token of the primeval savageness which ever slumbers in human kind, civilized or uncivilized."

Melville is not quoted by Honour, who is concerned chiefly with "European" images of America, but the Black Legend of Spanish cruelty in Mexico and Peru provides an early equivalent of Melville's proposition, conquistadors portrayed by Theodore de Bry (from descriptions by Gerolamo Benzoni) as predators in armor waging war on helpless naked men, then quarreling amongst themselves over power and plunder. De Bry it was who transformed the realistic (if somewhat idealized) water colors of John White (the governor of the "Missing Colony" established by Raleigh at Roanoke and its only survivor) into neoclassical shapes, thereby prefiguring Rousseau's noble savage, but as the fate of the Virginia colony suggests, to portray the Indian as Apollo is to ignore the latent Dionysius. Indeed, the dominant images inspired by the New World experience stressed the cannibalism and bestiality of South American Indians, propaganda perhaps, but through evocations of the "wild men" of European folklore and heraldry providing a coincidental commentary on the Indian as archetype of the primal savagery within all men. One of the greatest European "visions" inspired by encounter with America was Shakespeare's *Tempest*, and though Caliban (as Honour tells us) is an early version of ignoble savage, Ariel prefigures the other kind, who from Pocahontas to Uncas gained a measure of nobility because of the aid and comfort rendered the white man. It was this counter-tradition which resulted in not only Crusoe's loyal manservant but Chateaubriand's *Atala*, the Indian by 1801 having become a thoroughly romanticized figure—at least in Parisian ateliers—whose innate virtue put Christians to shame.

By the turn of centuries another primitivistic symbol of America had been introduced to European iconography, the black man: "Robinson Crusoe's Indian Man Friday now becomes an African," writes Honour, "and has remained so ever since." This somewhat overstates the case in terms

A HARPER PAPERBACK



Genetic Fix

The Next Technological Revolution

AMITAI ETZIONI

"Genetic Fix is not written primarily as a source book of new scientific information, though it covers much that will be new to the layman. Rather, it is a citizens' alert: A *Silent Spring* of biomedical research." —SUZANNE FIELDS, *Washington Post*

"Genetic Fix begins where biology usually ends. It asks tomorrow's questions today. In this absorbing, timely, sometimes perplexing chronicle, Etzioni relates his relentless efforts to have the scientific community absorb, evaluate, and place before the public the implications of current genetic knowledge and technology. . . .A book we should all read."—DOLORES ELAINE KELLER, *American Biology Teacher*

CN/428 $2.95

Harper & Row

Paperback Dept
10 E. 53d St. New York 10022

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of fact but it serves to describe the symbolic transformation, for as the Indian became an increasingly heroic American icon (thanks in part to services performed by Fenimore Cooper) the African became his shadow, testifying to the cost in human misery of pursuing happiness in the *soi-disant* democracy. From William Blake to Harriet Beecher Stowe, black is both beautiful and damned in America, from Surinam to the Suwannee an image of suffering humanity in chains. It is interesting in this regard that though the United States during the antebellum period generated a rich body of native culture, both in the popular and refined arts, such universal manifestations of democracy as Daniel Boone and Davy Crockett never made much impact in the Old World, save through the transformations worked by Cooper in his Leatherstocking.

In a sense, Natty Bumppo was prefigured by Houdon's marble busts of republican champions, like Joel Barlow and Robert Fulton, whose strong features break through the neoclassical mold, images that are, in Honour's words, "every inch the 'New Man' of Crevecoeur's famous definition." Melville's John Paul Jones is among them, and he *does* resemble a Romanized Iroquois, much as Cooper's Leatherstocking is less a frontiersman than a woodsier Dr. Franklin, just such an articulate child of nature as the American wilderness was supposed to produce, evidence of the good effect savagery can have on civilization. As for the republic's vaunted progress, whose glories were shouted in a generally European direction, that was either scoffed at or ignored by the Old World, even as the plight of the black man and the nobility of the red continued to enjoy (if that is the word) symbolic dominance. While American politicians were loudly comparing such feats of engineering as the Erie Canal to the great public works of imperial Rome, European commentators were more apt to remark, with Henry David Thoreau, on the need for something more drastic in the way of "internal improvements." And so far as monuments were concerned, the European romantic sensibility was far more alive to the Mayan ruins discovered in the same period that Morse's telegraph electrified a nation.

The Civil War, our Iliad, likewise engendered fewer images in Europe than the sad Odyssey of immigrants to our shores, but after the war was over, a French painter, Frank Buchser, came to the United States with the intention of creating a monumental canvas which would celebrate the reified union as a true land of freedom, at last. However, what Buchser accomplished, after several years' residence and travel in America, was a typically European duality, a depiction of the immensity of sky and land in the Great West and, in the East, a highly ambivalent portrayal of the newly freed black man, images of boundless space and limited opportunity which were certainly prophetic, if, when taken together, paradoxical. The exhibit (and catalogue) ends with Buchser's paintings, the rediscovery of which must be accounted one of Honour's major accomplishments, but *New Golden Land* carries the iconographic metamorphosis down to the recent past, images which, if more familiar, continue to convey a bifurcated vision of America, reflecting a growing uneasiness toward the corporate giant that is the modern United States, the end product of the technological progress which Europe chose earlier to ignore.

America as a place is no longer associated with the southern half of the vast continental presence (though Honour neglects W.H. Hudson's empurpled land), but with, in Fernand Léger's words, the "great anti-melodic intensity" of the contrast in the north between "the mechanical and the natural." Léger was speaking of his own work, but we can detect the same theme in the European vision of America as early as 1540, when Jan Mostaert painted a panoramic encounter between armored Spaniards with cannon and naked West Indians with spears. In the propaganda for colonization engendered by European presses during the Renaissance the inventions of the day (including printing) were heralded as God's gift to man that the New World might be discovered—and exploited. In short, the encroachment of technology from the West over the European landscape (which ironically provides the backdrop for Mostaert's imagined battle scene) is a case of chickens coming home to roost. For things in this world, like circumnavigations, have a tendency to full-roundness, and the day on which *The European Vision of America* opened in Washington—December 7—certifies that the return is often with a vengeance, marking the moment when, some 550 years after Columbus first explored what he thought was the continental margin of the Orient, the always uneasy relationship between East and West exploded in what is now our 50th and easternmost western state.

The coast that Columbus first cruised is present-day Cuba, an island that has already brought continental China closer to our shores than we might wish, a contingency which should remind us where the chicken came from in the first place, along with gunpowder and (it has been said) the compass and moveable types. In 1995 we shall have the opportunity to observe the 700th anniversary of Marco Polo's return to Venice, a city born like America from the creative and imperial energies released by the Renaissance, and which by 1995 may have sunk into the sea. Amid all the irrelevant trash produced in the name of our Bicentennial, commemorating an event which in its day inspired few glorious images in Europe, Hugh Honour's amazing record of grandeur and beauty may prove to be the most valuable monument of all, providing in the images engendered by our mythical past a prophetic glass suggesting what is yet to come. In the picture called *America*, by the 17th-century Flemish painter Jan van Kessel, the New World is portrayed as a large room, a museum filled with marvelous artifacts and specimens—including human beings. But what catches the eye is an anomalous suit of oriental armor, a memento of where the Indian came from also, a symbolic statement (though unintentional) that the course of empire has not always followed a westward path. Out of the collision between the Old and New Worlds has emerged that geopolitical mid-region called the Third World, which may prove the last world in the end.

To my mind, *The Slave Trade*, painted in 1835 by Auguste-Francois Biard, was one of the most powerful "visions" in the exhibition, a dramatic scene which loses much in being reduced for inclusion in the catalogue. It is, in a sense, a counterpart to the huge fresco by Tiepolo portraying the heroic return of

PLATIGNUM ITALIC SET

Contains a fountain pen, five Italic nibs, and instruction manual, all for only $5.00... At art material & pen shops, college book stores...or send check to Pentalic Corp., 132 West 22 St., N.Y., N.Y. 10011 Add 50 cents for handling.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Columbus, in which the Admiral's New-World cargo is dominated by sullen, dark-skinned people. For Biard's crowded canvas presents an overpowering scene of barbarity, at the center of which is a cluster of gesticulating, fiercely grinning blacks bargaining over a giant Negro, who lies supine in terror on a mat. Directly behind him reclines a white man, bored by the proceedings, head held in hand as he waits to record the final figure in his ledger. As Columbus is dwarfed in perspective by the savage shapes looming between him and the viewer, so it is the swarthy figures which dominate Biard's composition, a situation that somewhat shifts the blame for the crime of slavery, which was not an American or even English invention. Indeed, the white man seems somewhat peripheral to the activity, until one notices that by his position and posture he appears to be less in charge of the action than next in line for the place on the mat.

John Seelye

The Children of Ham by Claude Brown

(Stein and Day; $10)

Harlem is once again on Claude Brown's mind, and it should be on ours. With *Manchild in the Promised Land* and now *The Children of Ham*, he has established himself as the true epic poet of modern Harlem. *Manchild* chronicled his escape from disaster there; *Children of Ham* is his testimony that no such escape is totally possible, that one *must* go home again or live and die a traitor. Brown brings the survivor's guilt to his reportage; this is the story of other menchildren and womenchildren left behind in his escape though born after his time. The manic humor of *Manchild* is gone. Harlem is in apocalypse and the story is revelation itself. Though the autobiographer of *Manchild* was part Poor Richard, part Horatio Alger hero, and part con man, with the work itself his most sophisticated and lucrative hustle, Brown's best instincts are toward the rational, the moral and the prophetic, and between the first book and the second he has had much time to think of his fate and that of his people.

Each chapter of *The Children of Ham* tells the story of one member of a teenaged community living in an abandoned, rat-infested tenement in an upper Harlem side street, with additional portraits of a junkie-in-residence and an adult sympathizer from the neighborhood. The block itself, according to Brown, has been one of Harlem's most violent and drug-addicted areas during the past 20 years. His literary method is simple. Armed with a tape-recorder and, perhaps, some means of inducing his subjects to relax, he allows them to tell their stories, transcribing their remarks verbatim, filling in the empty spots with impressions, explanation and facts. Of the 13 stories, four focus on the women of the group; one is about its youngest member, 14-year-old Snooky; another is about Stretch, who is close to 50 and a friendly outsider. In essence, though, they tell one tale.

The religion of this community is survival. The armor of their creed is unity and compassion for one another. Each child has been abandoned, more or less, by his or her family. "I didn't leave home," Dujo explains, "home left me. I left home when my mamma became a worshiper, a heroin worshiper, you know, a dopey." The Devil in their creed is "scag," "the white boy"—heroin; the devil's angels are the junkies, who must be terrorized to keep their distance, unless, as in the case of Lee, the group decides to make an exception. The prime force of these children's lives is fear—fear of becoming a worshiper, fear of becoming a wino (lower in status than a junkie in Harlem), fear of being overtaken by the Harlem fate. The greatest compliment is to be called "swift"—a "swift dude" or a "swift chick"; speed is of the essence, and flight the better part of valor.

In the most harrowing section of that book, the narrator of *Manchild in the Promised Land* related how heroin destroyed his brother Pimp. In *The Children of Ham*, all lives have been warped by its power. Fresh from Florida, Lee was too curious about the demons that seemed to possess the junkies; "when the monster jumped out at me it's like I wasn't quick enough because he sho'nuff caught me." "Scag," Mumps says, "is the rattlesnake in the city . . . the baddest dude in the whole Apple." Just off the bus from Georgia (a "gator" or immigrant from the South), Shaft "fell madly in love with 'the white boy'" the first time he tried it; heroin became "my god, and I would do anything to get it. You know, it's like heroin casts a spell over you and makes you a dirty, triflin' kinda dude." Shaft is one of the lucky—he kicked his "scag-jones"; Lee is in deep, but there is hope for him yet. Almost everyone has tried it once; only terror keeps them in line.

If it has any impact at all, this work should ice, once and for all, the myth of Harlem propagated so assiduously since Harlem's brassy age in the early '20s, during the years when, as Langston Hughes put it, "the Negro was in vogue." The grotesque irony of Harlem as Promised Land in the title of Brown's first book is attenuated, then reversed in *The Children of Ham*. The myth of Canaan persists for these youths, but the promised land is now anywhere but Harlem. Connie knows it: "Salvation is gettin' outta Harlem . . . There's nobody livin' up here in his right mind who can honestly say that this is good and this is where it's at." So much for chocolate-city. Most of the group know nothing of Malcolm X or Martin Luther King, or of Jesse Jackson and what passes for leadership in the black community. "Leadership," Dujo says, "is somethin' that exists in the minds of white folks . . . For black folks it had a meaning once. That was a long time ago." And Dujo might be the leader of the Hamites, if they admitted having leaders. Cynicism is the cutting edge of the fatalism that struggles with hope. Salt-Noody, the house cretin, speaks wisdom as he sees it: "Ain't nobody nothin' anyway."

Ancient as a ruin, these cave dwellers are as childlike as their most recent fantasy, illusion or dream. Their urge to rational intellection is constant and intense, if predictably inchoate, and their desire for learning heartbreaking in its misdirection. Dee Dee writes poetry, and Hebro the muscle man, seeing Nita turning in the sunlight by a window, thinks of eternal beauty, but visions and ideals live fitfully in this foul air. Snooky wants a gun and a Cadillac; Mumps, a gifted thief, wants a legitimate cover for his hustle and intends to go to college to find it; Jill dreams of being an actress. Lee, with a BA in sociology, wants to go home to Florida, but a fix keeps getting in the way. Hebro, the athlete, intends to lift himself up into the world of high salaried ballplayers. They do not see the white world as now more sympathetic or understanding, only as more vulnerable to black force.

A familiar term at the end of the last century among certain liberal reformers concerned the "unconscious moral

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

heroism" of the poor. Perhaps it is fatuous to apply such a term to juvenile delinquents, but if self-preservation is a moral duty, then these are moral heroes of the first order. Though the book is about youth and death, its human subjects are short on self-pity. Indeed, the only pathetic character in the book is its narrator. I do not mean Claude Brown, but his persona, who visits the scene of disaster with an open notebook and a closed mouth. He exemplifies the predicament not of the author but of the reader, the person of education and means from whom the accusations of neglect and abuse in the book demand response. The book itself, of course, is the supreme act of intervention in the tragedy of these lives, but that is to Claude Brown's credit, not to ours. Nor, paradoxically, to his narrator's. Intending to be distant and scientific, an empirical sociologist gathering facts, he tries in vain to conceal his insecurities within a laconic style. But occasional pious moralizings, hip expressions, ripples of self-conscious, nervous humor and crass judgments flesh out a picture of a human being that every sensitive reader should recognize at once. Consciously or unconsciously, Brown reveals his deep discomfort in dealing with his material; this is a glaringly honest book.

The Children of Ham invites comparison with the most successful of those books that record, fictionally or factually, the crusades of children against the world of their fathers and mothers. From this perspective and in the context of the rise of the American city, it is alike in its power, if not in its art, to Stephen Crane's first novel, *Maggie, A Girl of the Streets*; as a book about those young people whose primary gift is a determination to live, it reminds one of the diary of another tenement prisoner struggling for the right of survival, Anne Frank. In any event, *The Children of Ham* is among the more important books published in recent years.

Arnold Rampersad

Arnold Rampersad teaches literature at Stanford University.

Coming

Germaine Brée
on
Sartre

Travesty
by John Hawkes

(New Directions; $5.95)

Travesty is an interesting minor work of a major novelist, an ironic palinode to Hawkes' recent fiction. It completes the trilogy of "sexual extension" begun in *The Blood Oranges* and continued through *Death, Sleep and the Traveler* by reducing the dense materials of those two novels into a parodic fable of failed eroticism. Like Barth's recycling *Chimera*, *Travesty* has its own tale in its mouth, is a self-reflecting, self-consuming, choking-joking little thing. It will amuse Hawkes' faithful readers, but others may miss the humor of a novel that is more figure than carpet.

While Barthelme and Barth are our best known parodists, Hawkes has long enjoyed the "guilty pleasures" of twisting literary forms. *The Beetle Leg* reruns the American Western, *The Lime Twig* subverts the detective story, *Second Skin* mocks the classic American Adam tale, and *The Blood Oranges* reworks the romantic pastoral. Hawkes' purpose has been to expose and employ the dark sides of these forms. In *Travesty*, a 128-page suicide note, Hawkes begins with negation and forces it to a foolishness that the reader can never quite trust. Parodying what Anthony Alvarez has called the "art of suicide," Hawkes also examines some of his own basic impulses as a writer.

The novel is the uninterrupted monologue of an unnamed speaker who is driving his car very fast toward a "private apocalypse," a smash-up that will kill him and his passengers—his 24-year-old daughter Chantal and his poet friend Henri. He has in mind "an 'accident' so perfectly contrived that it will be unique, spectacular, instantaneous, a physical counterpart to that vision in which it was in fact conceived. A clear 'accident,' so to speak, in which invention quite defies interpretation." Camus spoke of logical suicide. This is suicide as high art, the crafted event without a message, deceptive disruption, Dada of the flesh.

Having estheticized death, this "privileged man" finds common human claims trivial. He comforts his traumatized daughter, whimpering in the back seat, that this "is a warm and comfortable way to go." Henri, lover of both Chantal and the narrator's wife Honorine, is assured that no banal motivations—jealousy, revenge, torture, despair—are in effect. The narrator heads off all questions, objections and possible interpretations of his act. He is not a murderer, not even a suicide: he maintains he is just a lucid man who has arranged this "form of ecstasy, this utter harmony between design and debris." The serenity of his speech, the clarity of his perceptions, and the clever sophistry of his arguments give the narrator a remarkable seductiveness: ah yes, the *frisson* of suicide. Of course he's a madman. And all suicide notes are travesties. But Hawkes makes his voice hypnotic while it is absurd.

The model is Camus' *The Fall*, which supplies an epigraph, but the materials of *Travesty* are Hawkesian distillates. He has always created a context of absence by subtracting causality, ordinary people, workaday actions, identifiable settings, social niceties and a popular culture from his fictions. The result is an extraordinary focusing of attention, a distorted clarity: "the greater the silence, the louder the tick." In *Travesty*, constriction is extreme: we have only glimpses of a dark external world, normalcy is compulsion, the past a fiction. A single voice yarns away. He is the familiar Hawkesian explainer, an "innocent" victim like Cyril of *The Blood Oranges*, a bemused failure like Allert in *Death, Sleep and the Traveler*. But now he is a killer, the Hawkesian coward evolved to his logical extreme, a travesty of those earlier narrators who tried to eroticize the landscape or dreamt the worst of dreams.

The "privileged man" says he would rather see "two shadows flickering inside the head than all your flaming sunrises set end to end." The head is Hawkes', its metaphor the car. One shadow is the poet Henri, from whom the narrator has learned his "cruel detachment." The irony is that Hawkes' own imagination, which he insists be poetic and detached, has created the other shadow, the speaker, who has pressed an esthetic to murder, who threatens to destroy shadows and head. The book is Beckett's *Endgame* with Clov at the wheel, a parodic psychodrama, a metafiction with no survivors.

Always concerned with the physics of fantasy, Hawkes in *Travesty* exaggerates the elements of his fiction some readers have found repugnant and thus demonstrates his awareness of the dangers and limits of his ruthlessness. His holding up the mirror to the mirror is not so much self-indulgent as generously, albeit ironically and bleakly, self-revelatory. While the novel lacks

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

some of the pleasures of Hawkes' best work—resonating verbal texture, chambered structure, largeness of mind—it does have the gouging insistence of its simplicities and a witty contempt for itself. Its narrator seeks only silence. Hawkes, even in this brief sport, still seeks to articulate the dream that will liberate us from our nightmares and our daily banalities. Though disfigured by exaggeration and often private, *Travesty* does this and, perhaps more importantly, provides a remarkable and welcome coda to Hawkes' major novels.

Thomas LeClair

Thomas LeClair teaches contemporary fiction at the University of Cincinnati.

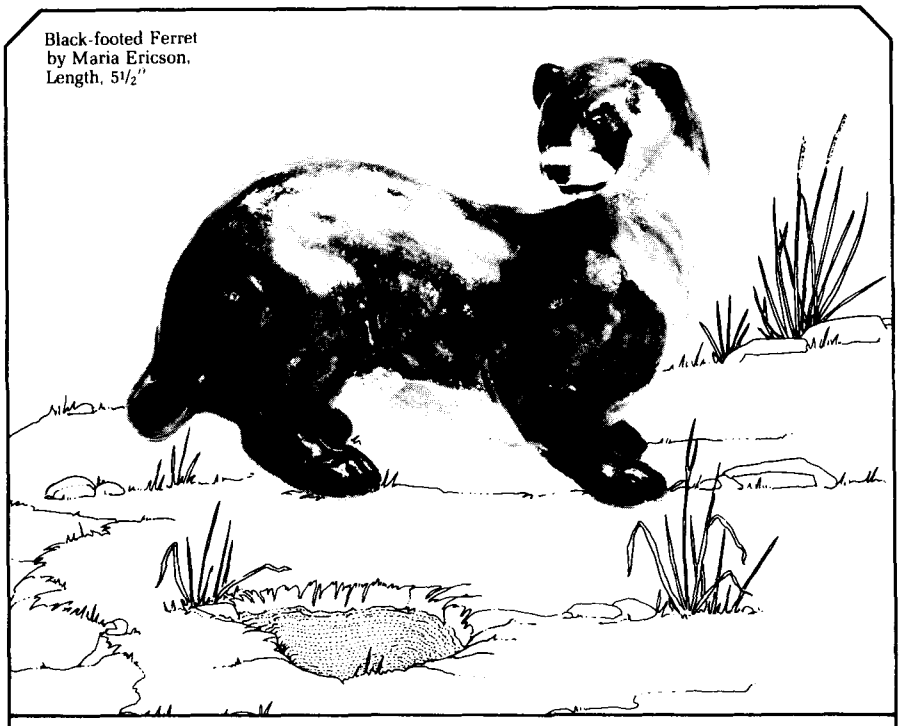
Family Feeling
by Helen Yglesias

(Dial; $8.95)

Family Feeling, Helen Yglesias' new novel, should be heralded as the fine Jewish immigrant novel it is. We have suffered no shortage in this genre, but two qualities make this book astonishingly fresh and powerful. One is its perspective: a woman who insists with equal generosity on the claims of her family, of men, and on her own separate experience makes us feel how struggle, success and their costs differ for men and for women. The other is its resonance: writing about Jewish and immigrant families comes simply to seem one of the most dramatic ways to express the shocks and changes to which we all are subject—fleeing and belonging to families which shift like quagmires themselves, and none of us getting our citizenship papers finally in order.

The narrative is sometimes omniscient and sometimes in the voice of the protagonist and youngest of the seven Goddard children, just as Anne experiences her life alternately as shaped by all those others as her own. Yglesias shifts—often rapidly, always lucidly—back and forth from the adult Anne's present to the seasons of her past and family legend, suggesting that emergence from the family chrysalis is a lifelong project.

"Behind my mother I see the ocean



Black-footed Ferret
by Maria Ericson.
Length, 5½"

Where have all the ferrets gone?

Smaller and lighter than a housecat, the black-footed ferret is a highly skilled hunter. It subsists largely on wild rodents. Yet, it has been all but wiped out by man — and strictly by accident.

The plains-dwelling ferret makes its den in prairie dog villages. Farmers consider prairie dogs to be pests, and regularly bait their villages with poisons. Thus, the ferret also falls victim to such killers as strychnine and the powerful "10-80." Today, it is critically endangered. Fewer than a dozen have been sighted in recent years.

Friends of the Earth, a non-profit organization devoted to protecting our natural resources, is fighting to bring back the ferret. We are lobbying hard for legislation against the unchecked use of pesticides. And we are sponsoring research in prairie dog population controls which do not require poisons.

To help support our efforts, Friends of the Earth commissioned noted Swedish sculptor Maria Ericson to capture the black-footed ferret in stoneware. Each piece is cast, painted, and glazed by hand under her watchful eye. Pieces which meet her standards are signed; the rest are broken and recycled.

Although this painstaking effort limits production to just 200 pieces per month, the price is only $37. In addition, your purchase directly helps Friends of the Earth protect and preserve the black-footed ferret and other imperiled wildlife. You automatically become an Introductory Member and receive *Not Man Apart*, a biweekly newspaper in the front line of the fight to save our natural resources.

Friends of the Earth, Dept. 4
20 Carter-Henry Dr. Fairfield, CT 06430

Please send me ____ ferret(s) at $37 ea. plus $2 postage [CT res. add 7% tax] and confirm my membership in Friends of the Earth. I must be satisfied or I may return my purchase in 30 days for full refund and cancel my membership.

Enclosed find check or money order for $ _____

Or, charge ☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge. M/C Interbank # _____

Acc't # _____ Exp. _____

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/ZIP _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the only one I knew when I was little, the Coney Island Ocean," Anne begins. Behind Mama and Papa she continues to see the inchoate sea that tumbled its human freight on this perplexing shore, abandoning the dazed voyagers to a life of sea-changes, beginning with their surnames and ending with the wildly disproportionate fortunes of their children. Mama struggles each week out of a surf of kitchen floor soapsuds to construct the gleaming landscape of the Sabbath supper. Near death in Miami, she insists on being carted to the beach to stare into the tumult and hallucinate a raft to pull her children onto. A powerful swimmer, Papa never quite gets his land legs. He moves from failed store to failed store, from good marriage to ludicrous marriage to old man's folly. His legacy is his question, "Is this all there is to life, to my life?" but he is still a man for that.

At 20, Barry—youngest of the three sons, learning from the emptiness of his brothers' careers and dedicated to redeeming his father's manliness—is tormented by this sight of his mother jammed into a city hospital. He concentrates his energy and thought and, literally overnight, begins a success that won't stop even with a multinational corporation. Yglesias' attention to Barry in that 24 hours, to his swift-learned discipline of checked anger and corrected vulnerability, makes us accept this mythic event. Barry's brothers, sisters and in-laws are corrupted by his triumph. They grab at it like drowners, and he alternately pulls them on and nudges them off his raft. Their dependency makes harsh comedy, a grotesque dance of sycophancy and intrigue. It culminates in a hilarious cross-country conference phone-conversation which fails to bring off a conspiracy against Barry but from which no one dares hang up first. Barry is in the end nearly as much symbol as character, a vortex of energy, sometimes sucking in the family, sometimes flinging it out, at once passionately animal and as impersonal as a whirlpool washer.

For Anne a vortex is too much like an ocean. Though never mastering either her revulsion or her love for Barry, she makes for high ground. As a child, her route out of the family was not repression but inspired lying, lying "for the joy of it, to light up the moment," an impulse which matures into a hunger for the writer's shaping power. But being a woman takes its classic toll. Despite self-recriminations—when Anne heaps on her head the "garbage of my failure to be myself, to take myself as the center of my life"—in her pursuit of a success less compromised than Barry's, she is "always leaning against the wind of a man's energy."

The first is Bill, a Communist. Loving Bill was "being in love with changing the world," committing herself, in bed and the streets, to the ethic of "trying." Like the party, Bill "lusts for her total submission." Both her marriage to Bill and her political activity are distanced by the disillusion with which Anne recalls them—I would have liked them more close up. But the cramped life with her sister and their children during the war, and after with their husbands, ex-soldiers becoming ex-Communists, contracts into sentences like punches: "Hearts hardened at an accelerated pace in the late forties and the fifties. It became commonplace to pass an entire day without directly meeting another person's eyes."

The merciless logic of ideology lives on in Anne and Bill's son, Danny, lit up though he is by deep flashes of tenderness, but Anne moves on, yearning for peace and brotherhood, without the props of ideology. (Helen Yglesias' first novel, *How She Died*, springs from a similar shift: the focus moves from a political woman to one without moorings, awash in her feelings. A rich, scary and unforgettable book, the author's meaning was for me both less accessible and less complete than here.) Anne's social compassion coexists now with ambition fierce enough sometimes to frighten her. The two needs seem almost reconciled in the pleasure she experiences as back-of-the book editor of a prestigious liberal magazine. Though an inner voice taunts, "not good enough," each time she picks up her pen, her thoughtful, somewhat dry, essays are gathered in books. It is, of course, only after her marriage to Guy Rossiter, the magazine editor and a handsome, wealthy WASP, that a glossy magazine lists Anne as "among the country's 50 top intellectuals."

Guy seems to embody the power, alternative to Barry's, that Anne has been seeking. A WASP, yes, but with one Jewish ancestor tucked comfortingly into his distant past, Guy has redefined power as grace, honor, intelligence, wit, sensitivity. Even in lovemaking, Anne says, his pleasures are womanlike. (Yglesias' account of the moments when they feel the first shocks of intimacy are brilliant and indelible, and I dare not cheat the reader by paraphrasing them here.) A few human failings just keep Guy from being too incredibly the hero of desire—assimilating as he does European and female delicacy into the best of American male power. There is also Anne's persistent and half-bitter reminder that money and prestige are the indispensable oils of sweet happiness.

In this period, Anne begins to work on a book, then to fantasize a movie, on Frederick Law Olmstead. Driven like Barry, but fired by the need to improve life for posterity, Olmstead flew from project to project, writing about the slave South, designing the parks of New York, creating the Sanitary Commission during the war, launching *The Nation*, trying preposterously to build ideal communities among the voracious gold miners, fashioning the Chicago World's Fair and ending in insane isolation in one of the asylums he designed. Fully aware of his debilitating elitism and of the lonely endlessness of his drive for achievement, Anne in her office roots for him to win. His genius is making

A Citizen's Guide to Nuclear Power

Ralph E. Lapp's three-part series on the nuclear plant controversy and Mr. Lapp's earlier article "Where Will We Get the Energy?" are now available as a 68-page booklet, including a previously unpublished introduction by the author. Price (including postage and handling):

1-10—$1 per copy
11-50—85 cents
over 50—75 cents

Address orders to:
THE NEW REPUBLIC
1220 19th Street, NW • Washington, DC 20036

Prepaid orders only
D.C. residents add 5% tax

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Central Park out of the mire, weathering sordid battles for his conviction that "the landscape of our life shapes our nature," especially moves her. Olmstead reminds her of her mother, making the beautiful Sabbath supper, order out of squalor, and becomes her "legendary grandfather," her "real American hero." The park and this idea of it becomes her high ground above the ocean, her belief in the struggle for meaning.

That belief is put to the severest test when, in the park they love, Guy is killed on his cycle by five teenagers. Anne inherits the magazine and her father's terrible question and a grief that will yield to neither comfort nor despair. The grief is piercing, but by now we trust Anne completely—for her tough clarity about her feelings when most confused, for her unshakeable fidelity to the body's knowledge, for her desperate hunger for innocence—and we feel confidence along with the pain. The book ends with Barry and Anne gazing at the Park at night from his office which commands a view of it entire. Beautiful and ambivalent, it is for Barry sign of all he possesses and proof of the rightness of his way. For Anne it marks the intangible richness of human meaning, elusive, treacherous, still to be fought for. We root for her. Closing the book, we may even believe she will win.

Bell Gale Chevigny

Bell Gale Chevigny is associate professor of literature at SUNY - Purchase, and author of *The Woman and the Myth: Margaret Fuller's Life* and *Writings*, to be published this summer (Feminist Press).

Interview With the Vampire by Anne Rice

(Knopf; $8.95)

If Milton had a soft spot for Satan, what hope is there for the rest of us? Judging by popular literature these days, not much. But it seems to be less the romance of evil which beguiles our attention than a flirtation with wickedness; and it begins to look as if even that is dwindling into a mere titillation with being naughty. Satan has dribbled himself down into a smelly little demon damned to inhabit an unremarkable adolescent; and the grand paradox of Melville's sea is contained in the stomach of an omnivorous shark. But then, there were some pretty bad stories going around even in 1600, and with the epic hero gone, and the epic villain banished with him, we have to make do as best we can, I suppose. For entertainment, where the queasy ambiguities and lower-case irony which compose much of our serious fiction are hardly serviceable, we get our happy shudders from whatever catastrophes come to mind.

Unfortunately, the catastrophes which come to Anne Rice's mind in *Interview with the Vampire* are none of them quite as awful as the book itself. A *Bildungsroman* about a vampire? Are the Undead, who spend their days in coffins, capable of *Bildung*? I would have thought the whole point was that they got away from it. But that is a metaphysical speculation, and I suspect that in the name of sanity I should avoid metaphysics for the time. Let me say that I like vampire literature. Not just *Dracula*, but modern versions of the theme, like Richard Matheson's *I am Legend*, which terrifies me. I am fond of lamias and werewolves and cat people, in fiction, film and wherever else I can find them, not mainly because I enjoy a tingling spine but because that whole genre of narrative contains a satisfying metaphor for the beast within, for the loneliness implicit in our animal nature, and for the fear that because we *are* animals the dead will reach out to claim what our guilts tell us is already rightfully theirs.

Anne Rice gets away from all that as though it never existed. Louis the vampire is *good*. He is also hardly lonely; he has an assortment of vampire friends and lovers, and a child-vampire mistress, whose lust for blood and adventure is trapped inside the body of a five-year-old. Louis shares his coffin with her. As the title suggests, the novel is in the form of a nightlong interview, during which Louis explains his way of life; and although he complains a great deal about alienation and feeling isolated, he seems quite *au courant*. Alienated vampires simply do not grant interviews.

What a scope for farce! For satire! For, God help us, whimsey! But although one hopes at first that this may all be a hoax, the realization comes at length, painfully, that we are in a serious novel here. Louis' narrative is in earnest, and even some occasional, astute observations are swamped in its bloody march forward: for instance, the fact that Claudia, the vampire-child, sounds wonderfully sinister echoes of the great Victorian love affair with pre-pubescent little girls, and that she is ditched for a male vampire, Armand, who reverberates rather nicely with equally sinister overtones of the Edwardian love affair with world-weary young men. A touch of wit might have turned this into a brief history of changing sexual modes, from incest to sodomy and on to contemporary apathy. But let it go!

I hoped, too, that Louis' self-torment over his blood-compulsion might be informed by the human conflict between the need to kill and the fear of killing; that Louis as vampire might be given a *raison d'être*. But he beats his breast, poor vampire, without the slightest dimension of metaphor to explain his behavior, and does his best to keep up with the times, and look at home in the changing world to which he rises nightly from his coffin. He begins his eternal life in death as a gentleman in New Orleans, cultivated, reasonable, skeptically Christian. During his trip to Transylvania in the early 1800s in search of his poor relation, the Eastern vampire, he takes on the characteristics of the Romantic hero appropriate to the time and the landscape. In *fin de siècle* Paris, he becomes a decadent, and enjoys performances at the vampire theater in which public rituals of blood-sucking are set to music and choreography, and star, for one night only, unwary, and apparently unconnected blondes.

But why does this need to be a vampire book at all? Our Louis is a kindly creature who argues about the existence of God and the Devil, falls in love twice without reference to bourgeois moral standards, appreciates art, travels widely. There needs no ghost come from the grave to tell us this! A 200-year-old man would have done nicely. Deprived both of his conventional metaphor of tragic bestiality and eternal isolation, and of his conventional purpose, to terrify, the vampire has only one function left. He sucks blood.

And there you have it. The hell with literary pretensions and Gothic formulae. *Interview with the Vampire* is an erotic novel, where the sucking of blood has replaced more reproductive activities. So what's wrong with that? Dracula was always a bit of a seducer; if you go by recent movies, the vampire kiss is just an epidermal expression of a *Deep Throat* impulse. Whatever childhood nightmares, whatever delicious guilts lead us to find acceptable such an unlikely connection, they find no clarification in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this book, which moves from kill to kill, from rat picking to the great feeding-a-crowd scene in Paris with the energy of Fanny Hill drumming up customers in her *Memoirs*. Louis, like Fanny, finds that his little pleasure leads him to remorse. Unlike Fanny, he isn't very funny about it.

After reading the book, I tend to be remorseful myself. Never mind its stylistic solecisms; its gasping need to rely on present participles wherever possible and sometimes wherever not; its thundering banality ("There you were with another vampire you couldn't stand"); its majestic display of split infinitive; never mind that Louis at 220 lapses into words like "maximize" and does Groucho Marx dialogue: "I'm mystified. You're satisfied?" That he spends a night in the Louvre to look at art which it would take vampire eyes to decipher most of in broad daylight. Pass over all that or blame it on bad editing. But to pretend that it has any purpose beyond suckling eroticism is rank hypocrisy.

It is the multiplication of this hypocrisy which finally makes *Interview with the Vampire* worse than a silly book; makes it in fact a rather pernicious book. To mold erotic material to a structure of killing perhaps only appeals to a dangerous and questionable appetite. But sometimes, when the marriage of the salacious and the sadistic works, it works quite marvelously; as it does for Céline and Burroughs, and even poor A.C. Swinburne. Under no circumstances, however, can it work as a respectable union. What makes *Interview* so bad is not that the erotic content is so explicit, but that the morbid context is so respectable. It would barely bring a blush to the maiden cheek: though it is clearly intended to do much more than that for other parts. Death is made sexual here as blandly as if it were just another preference, more socially acceptable, more speakable than most. The addition of a few historical trimmings for the Bicentennial, the popular sensual girl-child thrown in for luck along with a bit of homosexual interest for more varied tastes, some talk of God and the Devil, a bow of respect toward art and beauty, and directions on the proper use of stakes and garlic, come to a sum which smacks of the computer. The book seems to contain nothing which hasn't sold well before, and almost everything which has. Its publication as serious fiction suggests such stunning cynicism that I suppose it must be headed for almost certain success.

Edith Milton

Edith Milton's most recent book is *Corridors* (Delacorte).

WRITERS WHY WAIT?
PUBLISH YOUR BOOK IN 90 DAYS
. . . and get expert editing, design, manufacture, publicity, promotion and advertising—all under one roof at low costs. Two **free books** and literature give details and success stories. Write or call Dept. 107
EXPOSITION PRESS, INC.
900 So. Oyster Bay Rd., Hicksville, N.Y. 11801
(516) 822-5700

The Back of the Book

Prize Stories 1976: The O. Henry Awards ed. by William Abrahams

(Doubleday; $7.95)

There are some wonderful stories in this collection, including Patricia Griffith's "Dust," Mark Helprin's "Leaving the Church," and Rosellen Brown's "Why I Quit the Gowanus Liberation Front"—but I want to talk about the story by Harold Brodkey. "His Son, in His Arms, in Light, Aloft" is, as William Abrahams describes it in his admirable introduction, "a succession of illuminations." He means the story's structure as well as its power; illuminations are ceremoniously disclosed leaving both dark and light darker and brighter as Brodkey goes on. A man remembers himself as a boy needing his father, who needed him more. But the memories are uncertain, made equally precise and questionable by repeated revelations.

"Some Memories huddle in a grainy light. What it is is a number of similar events bunching themselves, superimposing themselves, to make a false memory, a collage, a mental artifact." The narrator's process is deliberate, fragments shored not so much against ruins as the future: "I could not live without the pride and belonging-to-himness of being that man's consolation." It is not only the boy then, but the man now, who "could not live" without the pride of being his father's consolation, or the consolation, puny as it is, of being his father's pride. The father was raving, unstable, a storm around the boy. Still there is a core where man and son held tight to each other, again in the past and future—"in his pride he does not allow me to suffer: I belong to him."

In her poem "Colossus" Sylvia Plath fumbled with the memories of her father (before those memories became weapons in "Daddy"), fretting like a girl with a clumsy puzzle and like a lady with a smashed vase: "I shall never get you put together entirely." Brodkey is calmer; his memories are ideas as well as pictures. But like Plath he is handling something of gigantic proportions; great brows, enormous knuckles, stubble: "he is so big." The boy rides his old man like Sabu on an elephant. Co-ordinated in danger, they lumber together, falling in unison, son failing father at every step, and father who bears the failure he made along with the failure he is, trying to avoid turning toward his burial ground. Over and over he hoists his boy to high places for a look.

Whatever the boy sees, the father (who cannot see it) tells him it will be good. Engulfed in his father's "broad-winged optimism," the boy is battered by promises of happy endings and the insistence that he is "a good, or even a wonderful child." He knows this to be a lie, the lie between all fathers and sons, but is moved by the effort nevertheless, which is nothing short of an effort to change the nature of life. You have to love someone awfully to do that for him. The son knew this even then, even if his father was not the "good-hearted fraud" he believed himself to be, even if he was a bad-hearted fraud—that continuous up-lifting of an eyesight, the boy, who grew steadily heavier, was brave, perhaps because it was partly ritualistic. For

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the up-lifting is an act of rejection too, on both sides. Eventually the boy would be lifted away altogether; and eventually, after that, he would reach back from a wall too high for jumping.

Brodkey's story is the reaching back; and the wall is not merely time but words. The story is words which cannot get through the words to the story. Two hundred years ago poor William Cowper stared at a portrait of his mother trying to get her to get through to him. Cowper wrote in heroic couplets. We have subtler artifice nowadays, in which everyone pretends to understand what you mean: meaningless agreements, uncomprehending sympathies. So Brodkey must deal both with his own lies and his readers' lies (he also does this in a story about his mother in the April 26 *New Yorker*, whose over-length attests to the attempt). He must create a brand new father, as if sprung from the head, specifically so that no one can say: I know what you mean, Brodkey.

This father, whom he calls a "median father" is in fact one of a kind, a knot of fragility and expansiveness. Brooding over money, carping at the boy's sister and mother for over-spending, he comes home one night with a surprise, and clops into the living room to pluck dollars from his pockets, eight or 10 thousand of them. As the mother predictably upbraids him for this crazy display, he tells her she has no sense of fun: "put in under your mattress—make a salad out of it." The idea of course is for no one to enjoy good fortune. The father's method of life is to set up improbable, punishing situations and then from their darkest pits to plead for joy.

In many ways he is America in a man, bursting with pride and guilt at the idea of "promise," and desperate for a total happy continent, which he must deny himself. The ever newly-landed immigrant, monstrous in his ambitions—all ambition—he swings his son (name and blood) around him as Theodore Roethke's father swung his son in their violent dance ("My Papa's Waltz"). Brodkey's story begins with father chasing son as in a dream of infinite possibility. But the boy is fearful: "my father is as big as an automobile."

To the boy, his father's virtues were "like a broad highway" heading toward him, "a small dusty town." Here is what came down that road: "bishops and slogans, Chinese processions, hasidim in a dance, the nation's honor and glory *in its young people*, baseball players, singers who sang 'with their whole hearts,' automobiles and automobile grilles, and grave or comic bits of instruction." Stuff to make a nation of. And it all comes to the small town, this boy who must as every small town, satisfy, appease the greater country by growing like blazes and staying exactly the same size forever. But father "hated lots of people, whole races," too. But he also swore that life would be dandy. The story ends with his face open to the sun.

Yet the boy hides his face, hides it in his father's neck. He will not become his father-country, if he can help it, will avoid the exaggerated hope and rage, close to madness, and will proffer his own son no view of four counties from the top of a forbidden wall. He was a skeptical boy; even smothered by the immensity of father-country, he was on to the weakness inherent in such power—the father only rescued the boy from perils and sorrows he provided. What the boy *will* take is "the making of yourself into someone who will help someone who is wounded." It is about as much as a boy or nation can handle these days. A story of the times.

Roger Rosenblatt

Correspondence

Psychiatry in Courtrooms

To the editors:

Dr. Louis West protests (*TNR*, Correspondence, April 24) about the purity of his motives in the Hearst trial. My criticism of forensic psychiatry has, however, little to do with the motives of psychiatrists. It has to do with their acts, that is, with their using the courtroom as a forum for advancing their particular theories of human behavior, and using such theories, capriciously and meretriciously, to excuse some defendants, to incriminate others, and to ignore the rest. I object to psychiatric excuses (and incriminations) not because the "experts" who supply them are paid for them, but because such interventions subvert the Rule of Law. Indeed, when psychiatric opinion or testimony is sought by the court, and is supplied by ostensibly impartial psychiatrists without compensation (or for only a token fee), the result is an even more pernicious—because it is more insidious—subversion of the Rule of Law than when the psychiatric intervention is obviously "bought."

Dr. West's claims that he has never "accepted a fee for testimony or consultation in a criminal trial," and that his colleagues' "professional accomplishment (s) and impeccable character" place their morals beyond the scrutiny of ordinary mortals also deserve a brief reply. In the first place, no psychiatrist ever accepts a fee for his "testimony" in a criminal trial: he is always paid for his "time." Secondly, although in the Hearst trial we received, thanks to Mr. Bailey's inquiry about it, a full disclosure of the fee paid to Dr. Joel Fort, we have received no similar disclosure of *all* fees and expenses paid to *all* of the psychiatrists and psychologists who in any way assisted the Hearst defense. Until we do, certain important facts about the use of psychiatry in this trial will remain concealed. *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Thomas S. Szasz, MD
Syracuse, New York

On Liberals & Lemmings

To the editors:

Re: "Crossheads Ahead," April 17, 1976, in your review of Wisconsin's April 6 primary wherein you quote: "He (Carter) made no inroads among Wisconsin's more sophisticated liberals."

Among the "liberals" including myself who support Gov. Carter are: former state chairmen William Gerrard and Richard Cudahy (past public service commission chairman). Both men have been close allies and supporters of Gov. Patrick Lucey. Gilbert Rhode, president of the Wisconsin Farmer's Union, is certainly a "sophisticated liberal" leader. In addition, members of our party's state administrative committee supported Gov. Carter.

Carter's state chairman is Harout Sanasarian, a state representative who has been a leading consumer advocate in the legislature.

To say there were "no inroads" is overstating your bias just a bit.

There is no doubt in my mind that, as events unfold, liberals will finally realize the choice is and has been really between Carter and Jackson. The sooner they realize this the better it will be for the party and the nominating process.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There is no sin in winning for a change. If liberals finally lose their lemming instinct and examine Jimmy Carter's record and public statements objectively, they will realize we have an exceptional candidate with an acceptable program and someone who can defeat Gerald Ford. And that's what it's all about.

Donald O. Peterson
Democratic National Committeeman
Eau Claire, Wisconsin

Locus Duo

To the editors:
In the April 3, 1976, issue of *TNR*, page 12, we find this boxed item: Henry Fairlie, formerly of *The Times* (London) signed aboard *TNR* as a contributing editor. The *Oxford English Dictionary* identifies him as the *locus classicus* for the first use of the term "the Establishment."

In *The Scarlet Letter*, written by Nathaniel Hawthorne more than 125 years ago, we find this sentence: (Hawthorne is describing the forces in society that confronted Hester Prynne), "She might, and not improbably would, have suffered death from the stern tribunals of the period, for attempting to undermine the foundations of the Puritan establishment " (Page 171, Washington Square Press edition).

Now methinks this clearly establishes the use of "the Establishment" prior to Mr. Fairlie's having established it, and that he might more accurately be assigned to *locus duo*. This, of course, would not damage his prestige one iota for he will still retain position number one when it comes to writing all about the Establishment.

John A. Banks
Perry, Florida

Death of De Niro

To the editors:
An amateur, I have summoned up enough *chutzpah* to dispute the interpretation given by your excellent critic Stanley Kauffmann to the ending—he calls it a "postlude"—of *Taxi Driver*, reviewed in your March 6 issue.

It seems to me that Kauffmann misses the point when he ascribes a *literal* interpretation to this postlude—De Niro recovered from his mortal wounds, hailed as a hero for rescuing the child-whore and well on the road to regaining some modicum of normality and self esteem (this latter evoked by his spurning the cab fare tendered by the once worshipped blonde).

To this moviegoer the postlude is the last minute *fantasy* of a dying man, how he sees his life *justified*: the knight-hero receiving the plaudits of the media and of grateful parents and the come-too-late admiration of the blonde who had not appreciated his nobility. Thus he dies, perceiving himself noble, misunderstood, redeemed.

Although (for other reasons) the film wins no prizes in my own estimation, it is hard for me to believe that the ending is as banal and contrived and as "happy" as Kauffmann sees it.

Maybe Schrader and Scorsese would be, if asked, the best witnesses.

Aaron Goldman
Washington, DC

In reply:
I envy Mr. Goldman. I wish I could have worked out a rationale for that ending that gave me some pleasure. I was deterred by fact: the fact that De Niro winks at the policemen who come in after the shoot-out and that we're given absolutely no evidence that he died.

My only flat disagreement is with his last line. I've learned from Lawrence to trust tales, not tellers.

Stanley Kauffmann

Whose Chinese?

To the editors:
Thomas L. Hughes' article "Who Lost Our China Policy" (*TNR*, Feb. 28) makes the error of assuming that Formosa is part of China, which it is not. It does not consider the question of self-determination for Formosa—nor the fact that the Formosan nationalists are in the majority on that island. They are not Chinese. It does not matter that the Peking government and the Taipei government both claim it is part of China.

James L. Becker
St. Louis, Missouri

AUTHORS WANTED BY NEW YORK PUBLISHER

Leading book publisher seeks manuscripts of all types: fiction, non-fiction, poetry, scholarly and juvenile works, etc. New authors welcomed. For complete information, send for booklet NR-1. It's free. Vantage Press, 516 West 34 St., New York, N.Y. 10001.

The Classifieds

Personals

RALPH OAKS, HAPPY BIRTHDAY from your friend MAX PHUMBLEPHURTH

HAPPY BIRTHDAY Deborah Svoboda Baldwin, Nebraska Delegate Candidate for Udall.

VIBRANT EXECUTIVE DIVORCED MALE, 50's—good looking, 5'10", travels Europe, enjoys music, ballet, tennis, dancing. NYC. Seeks sensuous, sensible younger female. Object whatever. Will exchange photos and particulars. New Republic Box 7535.

ORIENTAL LADIES want to write you. Cherry Blossoms, Stehekin, Washington 98852

ATTRACTIVE, INTELLIGENT, PROFESSIONAL WOMAN, 36—Syracuse area. Seeks warm, intelligent, vital, open man for relating. New Republic Box 7540.

WHAT ARE YOUR VALUES? Sixty illustrated cards identify specific VALUES and challenge you to analyze yourself. $2.49; VALUE Publishing Company, 10300 U.S. 19 N., Dept. N, Pinellas Park, Florida 33565

SUAVE AUTHOR. Widely traveled. Available as confidential secretary and escort to travel—oriented lady. Finest references. New Republic Box 7550.

WRY IDEA COMPENDIUM, 25¢ (deductible). Wry Idea Company, Rye, New York 10580

100 PHOTO STAMPS. Send any photo. $4.00. BURKETIME, P.O. Box 1121-R, Morganton, North Carolina 28655

JOIN OUR GROWING RANKS and help us reduce the populatoin by at least 50%. For free brochure call toll free (800) 325-6400 (in Missouri 800-342-6600). Or write Donald Mann, President, NEGATIVE POPULATION GROWTH, INC., 103 Park Avenue, Room 414 (R), New York, New York 10017

WALK-A-MATIC PEDOMETER. Measures miles you walk. Scientifically designed. Special! $4.00 postpaid. BURKETIME, P.O. Box 1121-R, Morgantown, North Carolina 28655.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HASHEESH CANDY—poster reproduction (8" x 14") of authentic ad of Civil War era. Send $1.25 to Buttered Buns Productions, P.O. Box 5214, Lancaster, Pennsylvania 17601. We pay postage.

"TECHNOCRACY—TECHNOLOGICAL SOCIAL DESIGN"—available for one dollar from Technocracy, Inc., Continental Headquarters, Savannah, Ohio 44874

WIDOW: Would like to know man 70 or not much over, uninvolved, interested in liberal politics, music, reading. So. California area. New Republic Box 7520.

VIBRANT PROFESSIONAL DIVORCED MALE - early 40's. Seeks alluring and sensuous younger female in NYC area. Warmth, honesty, intelligence, social commitment and self-respecting vigor desired; also, love of aesthetics (especially music), nature and adventure. Object: whatever eventuates. Send particulars and recent photo. New Republic Box 7470.

TO MARCIA WITH OUR LOVE. Ken and Karen

DATES GALORE! Meet singles—anywhere Call DATELINE, Toll-free (800) 451-3245

HELP SAVE THE MOST PRODUCTIVE BAY IN THE WORLD! Alaskan Community needs financial assistance in our legal efforts to stop oil development in Kachemak Bay, which threatens the valuable King Crab and shrimp breeding waters, our simple lifestyle, and existing fishing/tourism economy. Your tax deductible donations are sorely needed. Please help protect this renewable resource. Send donations to: Kachemak Bay Defense Fund, Box 746R, Homer, Alaska 99603

HANDICAPPED PHYSICIAN on medical school faculty seeks understanding, intelligent gal, 19-40. New Republic Box 7455.

HISTORICAL WOMEN T-SHIRTS: Amelia Earhart, Babe Zaharias, Collette, Susan B. Anthony, Virginia Woolf, Isadora Duncan, Emma Goldman, Gertrude Stein, Billie Holliday, Joan of Arc, Emily Dickinson, George Sand. $6.00 each, 4/20.00. Warren Screen Press, 29 Warren St., Cambridge, Massachusetts 02141

MEN OF LETTERS T-SHIRTS: Plato, Aristotle, Nietzsche, Hegel, Karl Marx, Bertrand Russell, J.S. Bach, Gustav Mahler, Sigmund Freud, Hume. $6.00 each, 4/$20.00. Warren St. Press, 29 Warren St., Cambridge, Massachusetts 02141

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS IN DEPTH, $10.00 and sample to Elisabeth King, 41 E. 29th Street, New York 10016

IN TODAY'S WORLD: When a child drops out of school, chances for a happy, productive life drop too. To combat the apathy and poverty that are often the reasons why a child becomes a drop-out Futures has initiated a program to help keep some especially promising but severely underprivileged Spanish-surnamed children in school and thereby maximize their chances for happy and productive lives. Won't you help? The cost is low—$15 per month. The rewards are priceless. Write for further information to: Futures for Children, 4401 Montgomery Blvd., N.E., Albuquerque, New Mexico 87109.

SELF-ASSURED BUT SOMEWHAT SHY - attractive woman PhD, 29, happily settled in Boston area, seeks warm, intelligent Jewish man in 30's to share wide interests and active life. New Republic Box 7535

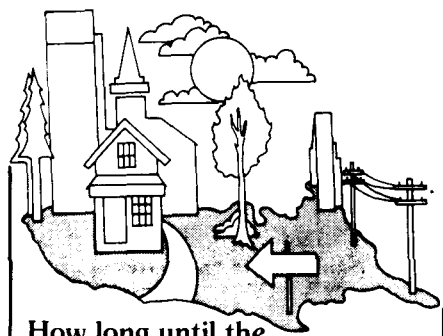
Bumperstickers

WANTED—National-interest bumpersticker ideas. Free stickers if idea printed. Bumpersticker World Headquarters, 402 Riley, Austin, Texas 76

"FORD IS AN EDSEL" bumpersticker--$1.00; 3/$2.50. P.O. Box 931, Richmond, Virginia 23207. No Virginia orders.

BUMPERSTICKERS, DECALS, BUTTONS Low cost, custom made advertising for your Business, Special Event, Organization or Political Campaign. Buy direct from manufacturer and SAVE! Please state intended use for appropriate samples. Write for Free Brochure. Price list and Samples. REFLECTIVE ADVERTISING INC. Dept. NR. 8551 Page Boulevard, St. Louis, Missouri 63114 Phone (314) 423-5495.

Celebration '76 Radio



How long until the Old West is finally settled?

Hear the story of

Idaho

on The States of the Union

NATIONAL PUBLIC RADIO's weekly series devoted to the 50 states. Check local listings for broadcast times, or **write:**

National Public Radio

2025 M St., N.W. Washington, D.C. 20036

Health

VEGETARIANISM: Prescription for longevity, vigor. Four issues $2.00 annually. News nutrition, medical discoveries, cartoons. VEGETARIAN REVIEW, Box 221-N, Haverford, Pennsylvania 19041

PSYCHOLOGICAL CONSULTATION for your sicko pet rock. $2 for professional advice. Pet Rock Consultant, Box 52, Carlshend, Michigan 49811

DO YOUR OWN FACELIFTING the all natural way. No surgery, no drugs, no cosmetics. Read the innovative new book *Lift Up Your Face!* Free brochure—write: Peabody. P.O. Box 89, Cambridge, Mass. 02138.

Celebration '76

LOVE OF COUNTRY - frame with pride reproductions, Declaration of Independence, Constitution, Bill of Rights. Guaranteed. Send $2 each, $5 three; Heritage, Box 330, Dept AFA2, Staten Island, New York 10304

Literature

INDIANS! North, South America. Out of print books. Free catalog. Bob Fein, 139 Joralemon St., Brooklyn, New York 11201

THE SELF-PUBLISHING WRITER - A Quarterly Journal for Writers. Articles by self-publishers with how-to hints scattered throughout. SELF-PUBLISHING IS A NO COMPROMISE ADVENTURE! Sub. $7.50 year. Single Issues $2. Write P.O. Box 24, San Francisco, California 94101

FREE BOOK. Prophet Elijah Coming Before Christ. Megiddo Mission, Dept. 72, 481 Thurston Road, Rochester, New York 14619

COMBINED SPRING 1976 UNIVERSITY PRESS AND SCHOLARLY IMPRINT SALE CATALOG—SAVINGS UP TO 75%—350 titles, 61 publishers, limited quantities, cut-off date August 31, 1976. Write for catalog—THE SCHOLAR'S BOOKSHELF, B-4, 205 Nassau Street, Princeton, New Jersey 08540

SEXUAL OBSESSIONS OF SAINTS AND MYSTICS. William Fielding's compelling 1925 masterpiece. Softcover reprint $2.00. Independent Publications, Box 162, Paterson, New Jersey 07513.

READ THE GUARDIAN—Newsweekly gives MARXIST viewpoint on national and international news. Special 8-week trial sub., $1.00 GUARDIAN, Dept. N.R., 33 West 17th Street, New York, New York 10011 (Full Year $12.50, student $7.50)

MICHAEL HARRINGTON'S NEWSLETTER of the Democratic Left; political, labor, feminist developments plus informed analysis of energy, economic crisis, and future of socialism. $5/year. Newsletter, 853 Broadway, Room 617, New York, New York 10003

JOHN BERESFORD HATCH'S *IN DEFENSE OF THE DAMNED*. UNABRIDGED. Nothing like ever in the entire history of Anglo-American law and jurisprudence. Beamed for law students, to the judiciary and the layman interested in the Salem witchcraft trials. Since the days of Disraeli, Pitt and Sir Winston Churchill. *** Exoneration for Massachusetts 17th century witches, is now a legal case second to none. $10 autographed. John Beresford Hatch, P.O. Box 452, Salem, Massachusetts 01970

Literary Services

PUBLISH YOUR OWN BOOK. We print as few as 200 copies paperback, hard cover, pamphlets. Quality, economy, and cooperation. FREE Details, Graphic-copy, Box 285R, Floral Park, New York 11011

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOK PUBLISHING - manuscripts and inquiries invited. AUTHORS GUIDE TO PUBLICATION free upon request. Dorrance & Company, Dept. BK, 35 Cricket Terrace, Ardmore, Pennsylvania 19003.

WRITERS — "UNSALABLE" MANUSCRIPT? Try AUTHOR AID ASSOCIATES, 340 East 52nd Street, New York City 10022

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK! Join our successful authors: publicity, advertising, promotion, beautiful books. All subjects invited. Send for free manuscript report and detailed booklet. Carlton Press, Dept. RZE, 84 Fifth Avenue, New York, 10011

Books Wanted

WANTED: Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, Reade's Martyrdom of Man, Boswell's Life of Johnson. New Republic Box 7510

Foreign Studies

MEET RUSSIANS FACE-TO-FACE on 3-week nonpolitical non-profit exchange visits to the USSR. Open to qualified Americans, all ages, occupations. Departures June through December. Write-Wire-Phone Citizen Exchange Corps, Dept. NR, 101 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10017 (212) 889-7960

Schools

LEARN SPANISH - if you really want to learn Spanish quickly, fluently and correctly, and if you have the courage and stamina for intensive and disciplined study, come for at least one month to Cuernavaca Language School. First month $300. Following four weeks $200. Private tutor available at $300 for 50 hours. Details: Apdo. 480, Cuernavaca, Mexico.

Summer Schools

LEARN

geology

anthropology

natural history

and history while traveling and camping in the Pacific Northwest. Academic credit if desired. June 24 to August 5. Ages 15-18. Coed. Tuition $1200.

THE HIGH COUNTRY SCHOOL/R
1021, NW Skyline Blvd.
Portland, Oregon 97229
(502) 292-8347.

Camps

Something You Might Do If You're NOT Looking For Camp or Summer School

SUMMER SOJOURN

In The Berkshires

An atmosphere of intentional living and learning. Gardening, cooking, crafts, recreation and shared responsibilities. Coed. High School. 6 weeks.

Robert Williams
127 Main St.,
Brattleboro, Vermont 05301
(802) 254-9032

CHASE RANCH
on famous fishing river in Montana wilderness invites a few boys and girls to join experienced educators and outdoorsmen in nature studies, backpacking, fly fishing, riding and mountain climbing. Contact:
Dr. Alston Chase
Millegan Route
Great Falls, Montana 59401
(406) 727-6233

Employment Opportunities

TEACHERS-ADMINISTRATORS - current school, college openings list in U.S. $5.95, abroad $5.95. Leading placement sources U.S. $3.95, foreign $4.95. EISN, Box 662, Newton, Massachusetts 02162

Business Opportunities

HOW TO WRITE CLEARLY FOR MONEY-MAKING NEEDS—articles, stories, letters, reports, memoirs. Free information. THE MAIL MALL, Box 245-F, Long Beach, New York 11561

Spare Time

UNLIMITED HOME EARNINGS STUFFING ENVELOPES—Rush 25 cents and stamped addressed envelope to: F.J. Diehl, Box 934, Bensenville, Illinois 60106

Property Sale/Rent

YOUNG COUPLE—New Republic readers, need Greenwich Village sublet for approximately one year. Can pay between $200-$300 per month but will take meticulous care of your possessions. New Republic Box 7555.

20 ACRE FARM IN WESTERN MARYLAND—large stone house, stone barn, 5 outbuildings. Convenient to Washington-Baltimore. Excellent for horses, school or community. $69,500. New Republic Box 7545

ENGLAND: Hampshire. Delightful, renovated old cottage in beautiful countryside 75 miles London. 2 bedrooms, sleeps 5, modern bath and kitchen, garage, old brick fireplace, fitted carpets. $145/week. M. A. Shirley, M. D., (212) 724-7562

VERMONT: HOUSEKEEPING COTTAGES for rent on Lake Dunmore. June 19-July 3, August 21-September 6. $100-$115 per week. Write or call: Catharine Fockler, 300 North Gotwalt, York, Pennsylvania 17404. (717) 792-9426

MARLBORO MUSIC FESTIVAL (2 miles from) furnished cottage for rent. Orden, 219 Birchwood Park Dr., Jericho, New York 11753

GREENWICH VILLAGE. Two bedrooms, 30 foot livingroom with 20 foot skylight. $1500 July-August. (212) 929-3208.

60¢ per word

400,000 readers

#3 ON THE HOUSE

THE NEW REPUBLIC'S special introductory "3 for 2" offer works like this. You pay for 2 insertions . . . we give you #3 FREE (on the house). Why? Because THE NEW REPUBLIC knows that your multiple insertions produce the results your advertising deserves.

☐ Please run the enclosed ad _____ times.
☐ Advance payment of _____ enclosed.

_____

_____

_____

_____

TNR CLASSIFIEDS
. . . the foundation for your successful advertising!

TNR Box numbers = 3 words to cover cost of postage and handling
(See frequency rates next page)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY AREA - huge two bedroom. $850 July - August. (212) 222-6671

RED CLOVER CREEK - NORTHERN CALIFORNIA - ADDITIONAL INFORMATION. Beautiful Sierra stream land. Dramatic mountain setting. Previously advertised private two acre parcels, primitive commons areas, restrictions protecting forest, electricity, year round paved access, National Forest surrounding, excellent swimming, fishing. Most sold New Republic respondents. Have completed similar small plan for permanent homes or retreats, combining the above partial self-sufficiency provided by adjacent irrigated pasture, meadow and commons garden area. In addition, are initiating cooperative to reduce construction costs, help plan efficient energy use. Write H. Page, Taylorsville, California 95983

BEAUTIFUL SAND DUNE SHOREFRONT PROPERTY - Prince Edward Island North Shore, 10 acres, 220 feet ocean frontage. Farmland available. A. Ritter, 859 Springland Drive, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada KIV 6L5.

CHAPPAQUIDDICK SPECIAL - Unique but expensive proposition for nature loving persons who can afford privacy, unspoilable expansive bay-ocean views, conservation-minded land planning. 3 acres plus 1/5 share of commonly owned 15 acres of rolling bluffs, 1/3 mile Katama Bay beachfront, 2 all-weather courts. Box 981, Edgartown, Massachusetts 02539.

Vacation/Travel

COLONIAL LONG ISLAND, at Amagansett. The Ocean Dune Apartments offer luxuriously furnished 2½ to 4½ room seaside suites with kitchenettes, daily maid service, private sun decks, pool and ocean beach, golf privileges. Rates & Brochure: (516) 267-3406

NANTUCKET ISLAND - contemporary house, newly furnished. Near uncrowded, endless beaches. 6 miles from town. Weekly, monthly. (216) 721-2322

FLORIDA, VERO BEACH - Available July 1 furnished, luxury, 3 bedroom home. Private ocean beach. Annually or seasonally. 903 Silver, Urbana, Illinois (217) 367-6952

CARIBBEAN, ST. EUSTATIUS - 2 bedroom villa, $195 week. Wm. Pearson, 1917 Five Mile Line, Penfield, New York 14526

LUXURIOUS SAILING YACHT FOR CHARTER IN WESTERN MEDITERRANEAN - sleeps 4. Young American captain and French, American distaff mate. Available June - September. Captain Peter Nichols, 20 Cranley Place, London S.W. 7, England. Tel. 584-11-57.

BACKPACK THE IDAHO WILDERNESS - David Petersen will be guiding nature trips into the untouched wilderness areas of Idaho. See the wilds of this beautiful country with this experienced and licensed guide. Equipment and meals provided .Write Wilderness Trails, P.O. Box 9252, Moscow, Idaho 83843

LINEKAN BAY SAILING RESORT, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Fleet of sailboats, two masted schooner, sailing instructions, heated salt water pool. Write for folder.

FISHERS ISLAND OCEANFRONT (Ferry from New London.) Acres of privacy. Three bedroom cedar and glass contemporary. All appliances. $1800 August 1 - Labor Day. (212) 929-3208.

IDAHO'S SALMON RIVER COUNTRY - break away for an exciting adventure with family or friends on a wilderness vacation. White water float trips or high country pack trips July-August. Nez Perce Outfitters & Guides, Box 1454-N, Salmon, Idaho 83467. (208) 756-3912.

Gourmet/Cookery

LOVING TEA - imported erotic blend. Makes two gallons and it's delicious. $3, Kemrite, Box 2560, Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406

Arts & Crafts

"GETTING STARTED IN STAINED GLASS" 50¢ Whittemore, Box 2065PP, Hanover, Massachusetts 02339

ANTIQUE DOLLS AND GAMES WANTED. Please state condition, price. S.D.W., 189 Forts Ferry Road, Latham, New York 12110.

JAPANESE WOODBLOCK PRINT REPRODUCTIONS. Masterpieces by Utamaro, Hokusai, Hiroshige, etc. Catalog fully illustrated with 486 subjects. $8.00. Write Adachi Institute, CPO Box 362, Tokyo, Japan or Fuji Ueda, 17841 Golfview Road, Homewood, Illinois 60430.

the Copper Puzzle

Thom D. Hickam
The Craftsmen of
Chelsea Court
2551 Virginia Ave. N.W.
Watergate, D. C. 20037

The Copper Puzzle is mounted between Plexiglas with brass bolts. Puzzles most common from this series are birds and the human figure. Please state a preference when ordering. 5"x7" mounted size-$35.

Sports Equipment

BACKPACKING, SKI TOURING, CAMPING EQUIPMENT. Touring, kyack kits, foldboats, accessories, books, guides. Personalized, rapid service by knowledgeable, concerned people. Free catalog. MOOR & MOUNTAIN, Dept. 44, 63 Park Street, Andover, Massachusetts 01810

Records/Tapes

NIXON'S VERSION OF WATERGATE—as it unfolded, in his own words. Recorded live from TV broadcasts. 100 minutes on cassette tape, $9.95. Limited Edition, 226 Banbury Roads, Columbia South Carolina 29210

WATERGATE CASSETTES - Introductory tape with Nixon's first televised speech denying complicity, plus his farewell to the White House staff. $4.00. Free Catalog. Posterity Tapes, P.O. Box 233, Naperville, Illinois 60540.

FREE AMERICA'S LARGEST CLASSICAL CATALOG. Over 2,000 New Stereo Recordings. Renaissance, Medieval, Baroque, Classical, Romantic, Modern Music. Highest quality! Budget Label prices! Available only by mail. MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY, Box 932 NR, New York, New York 10023

CLASSICAL CASSETTES! FREE CATALOG. Better quality. 50% less cost than records. CCC, Box 506 NR, Saddle River, New Jersey 07458

Music

CHAMBER MUSIC AT BARD COLLEGE—July 24 to August 8. Send for detailed brochure. Rubin, Stone Ridge, New York 12484

BEST kits yet for Dulcimers, plucked or hammered, mt. style banjos, psalteries, thumb pianos, kazoos. Also completed instruments and instruction books, records, and cases. HERE, INC., 410 Cedar, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55454.

BURTON HARPSICHORDS—Fine and lasting musical instruments in kit form. Patented Burton Jacks. Write Box 80222N Lincoln, Nebraska 68501, for free brochure.

PROTECT YOUR ALBUMS. White cardboard replacement jackets 35¢. Gray plastic lined inner sleeves 15¢. Postage $1.25. Record boxes and 78 sleeves available. CABCO TNR-2, Box 8212, Columbus, Ohio 43201.

HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS by Sperrhake, Dependable, beautiful moderately priced. Robert S. Taylor, 8710 Garfield Street, Bethesda, Maryland.

Classified Rates

Per word (single insertion) .....60¢
Per word 6 times in one contract year .....55¢
Per word 12 times in one contract year .....50¢
Per word 24 times in one contract year .....45¢
Per word 48 times in one contract year .....40¢

Payment in Advance of Insertion Required for Less Than 24 Insertions in One Year
24 & 48 Insertions Billed Monthly with One Month's Payment in Advance

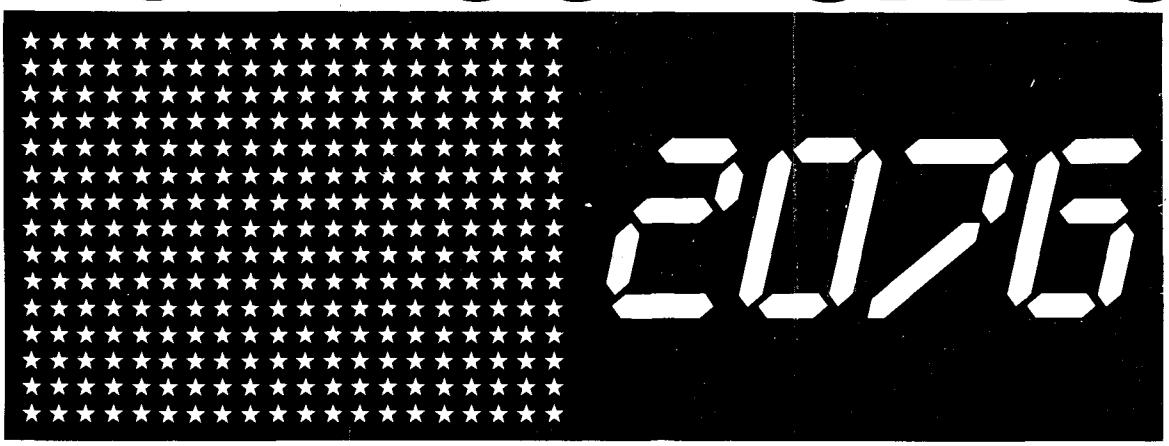
Copy Deadline: 19 days prior to Saturday issue date.

THE NEW REPUBLIC
1220 Nineteenth Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Atlantic Richfield invites you on a journey into the future.

The Tricentennial



America will change a great deal by the year 2076. Tell us what you think those changes should be.

We have always been a nation more interested in the promise of the future than in the events of the past.

Somehow, the events of the past few years have made us doubt ourselves and our future.

Here at Atlantic Richfield, however, we see the future as an exciting time. The best of times. And we know that all of us can achieve a splendid future by planning for it now.

We'd like your help. We need your vision. We want you to tell us about the changes you would like to see take place in America – and in our American way of life.

For example:
What ideas do you have for making life more fun than it is now?

What changes would you like to see in government? (City? State? Federal?)

What do you envision as the best way to solve our energy problems?

What about the future of business? (More regulation by government? Less?)

What measures would you take to protect the environment?

Or, if those topics don't appeal to you, pick one that does.

How should our physical world be altered? Do you recommend that we live underground? In plastic bubbles?

Will family life change? Will we choose a spouse by computer? Will divorce become illegal?

What should our schools be like? Should machines replace teachers?

What will make us laugh? What will be funny that isn't funny now?

What new major sports would you like to see? Three-dimensional chess? Electronic billiards?

Whatever your idea may be, we want to know about it. Write it. Draw it. Sing it. But send it.

In about six months we plan to gather your responses, analyze them, and make a full report on what we've found out. We believe the report will provide a fascinating and valuable view of America's hopes, dreams, fears, and visions. We'll make sure it reaches the people who are in positions to consider and act on it.

Along the way we will make television commercials and newspaper and magazine ads out of many of the ideas so you can see what other people are thinking.

Please note that all ideas submitted shall become public property without compensation and free of any restriction on use and disclosure.

Send your idea to:
Tricentennial
Atlantic Richfield Company
P.O. Box 2076
Los Angeles, CA 90053

ARCO
Petroleum Products of
AtlanticRichfieldCompany

Celebrate America's Tricentennial 100 years early.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED